MARRIAGE AND HEDY LAMARR

Silver Screen ★

0c

ngland

July

Carole Lombard

OLLYWOOD BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOTS by RIPLEY

"I WAS A LEMON IN THE *Garden of Love* . . ."

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

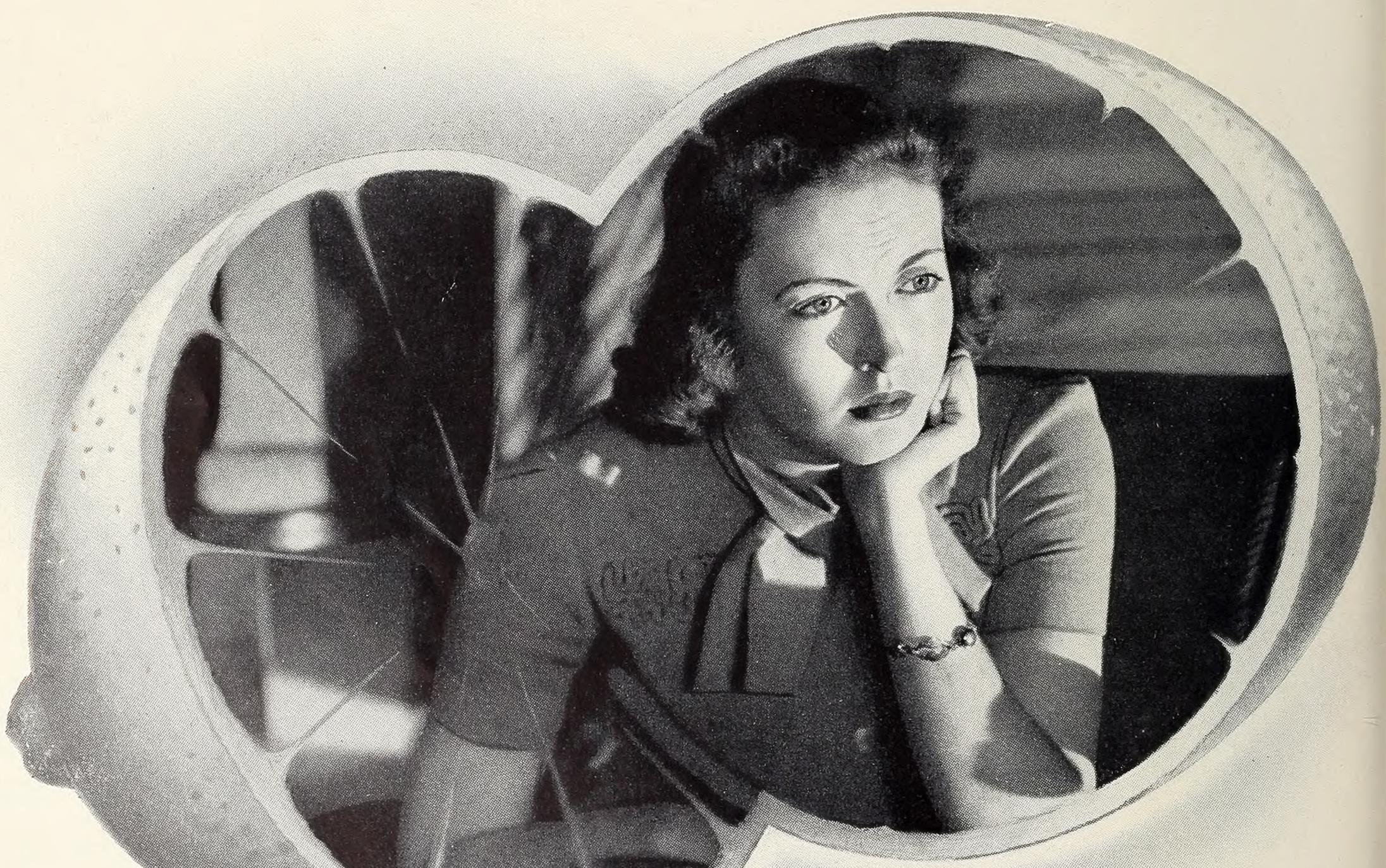
"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* . . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

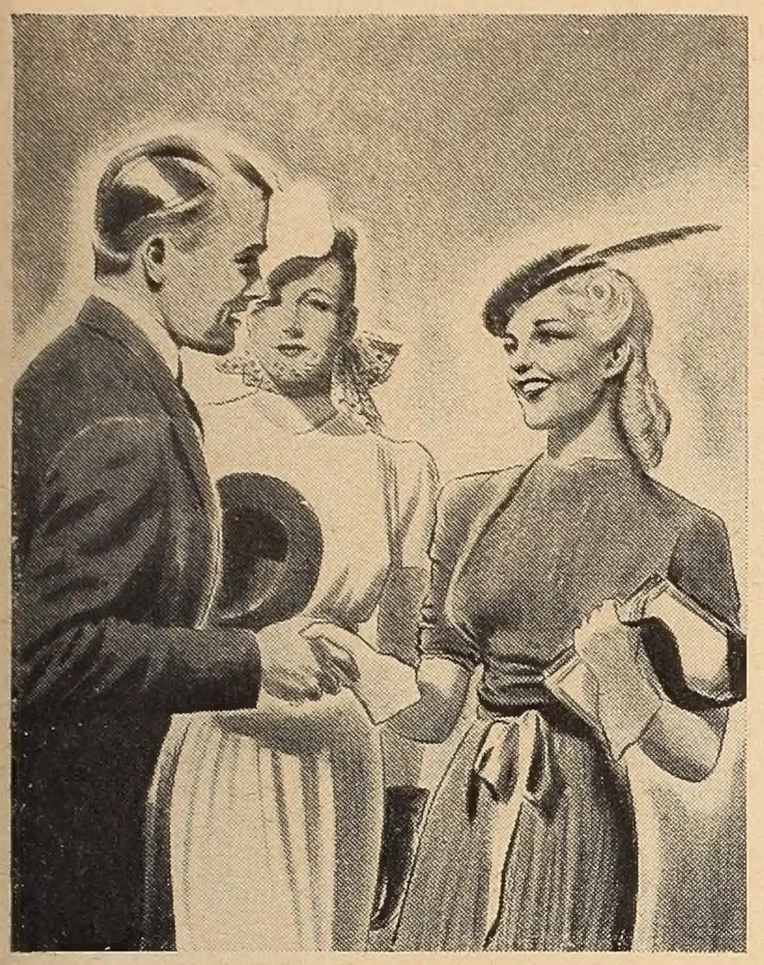




*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Jean revamped her bath technique and her popularity hit a brand new high



Bill met Jean and things happened! "You're the only girl for me," said his eyes. "And you're the only boy for me," flashed her smile! And of course, they dated!



This was to be the night of Jean's dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how fragrant and sweet—how radiantly sure of her charm! *Poor, poor Jean.*



Before the first dance was over, Bill's smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose, not to know *never to trust a bath alone.*



"Your own fault," scolded Peg. "A bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come! But Mum *prevents* odor —guards freshness all evening long."





And Jean wins! Bill's back in her life and back to stay. Life's more fun for the girl who decides, "A bath alone is never enough —underarms *always* need Mum!"

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!

NO MATTER how fresh you feel after your bath, don't forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odor yet *to come.*

Wise girls use Mum after every bath, before every date. Mum is so fragrant, so pleasant to use, so dependable. Mum is QUICK . . . it takes just half a minute to use, yet you're protected for a full day or evening. Mum is SAFE . . . completely harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin.

Mum is SURE . . . without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure *you* never offend. Get Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily for *lasting* charm!

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. They know it's gentle and safe.



MAY 23 1939

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

JULY, 1939

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NUMBER NINE

Silver Screen

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Art Director

The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

What a jolly time the psychiatrists would have with me if I ever gave them an opportunity to bounce my brain about a bit. If I say I won't do anything, and definitely, you can be quite certain that I'm a cinch to do it. When I vacationed in New York recently I said to myself I will visit the Aquarium, and the Battery, and watch the ships go out to sea; I will dine at the Automat on baked beans and Irish stew, and rub shoulders with real, thinking people who are interested in what Roosevelt said to Hitler, and *not* in what Elsa Maxwell said to John Jacob Astor III. So what? So the nearest I got to the Aquarium were the oysters at "21." I don't think I rubbed shoulders with a single real, thinking person as most of my afternoons were spent in a taxi trying to get from the East Side to the West Side.

Also, having said that I couldn't *bear* to see anyone on my vacation that reminded me of Hollywood you can just imagine how I yelled and screamed and carried on like an American in Paris when I ran into Franchot Tone, Freddie March, and Sylvia Sidney. Franchot was tearing into the Stork Club's smelliest cheese and trying to coax some on Ethel Merman, who wouldn't be coaxed. Franchot's and Sylvia's play "Gentle People" closes for the summer and Franchot goes to Hollywood and Sylvia moves into her New Jersey farm. Sylvia is making less money than she ever made in her life (the Group salaries are notoriously low) but claims she is happier than she has ever been in her life. She talks constantly about her new husband Luther Adler.

Holding forth almost nightly at the Stork are Tallulah Bankhead, Bea Lillie, and Dorothy Parker of the brilliant wit. Winchell called them, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." Tallulah eats salmon and receives congratulations on her performance in New York's best play of the season, "The Little Foxes." Bea Lillie tells stories with a cockney accent that have you in hysterics. Dorothy Parker raves about her farm in Pennsylvania. To think that Sylvia and Dotty, of all people, should turn out to be rustics.

All in one night at the Stork Club I bumped into Irene Dunne, very chic in a cunning little brainstorm of a hat, Freddie March, very content as well he should be with "The American Way" sold out months in advance, Gene Raymond, in conference with his publisher, Charlie Butterworth, having a time for himself, Mischa Auer, done up in tails, the Joe Penners, on their way to Bermuda, Nancy Carroll, starring in her ex-husband Jack Kirkland's play, and Robert Montgomery discussing Orson Welles with John Emery. Yes, I must say Hollywood certainly gets around. Well, *next* time I'll go to the Aquarium and the Battery.

Liza

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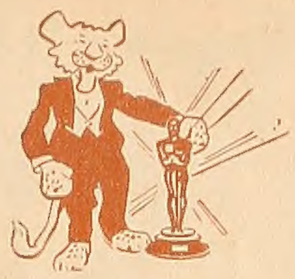
COVER PORTRAIT OF CAROLE LOMBARD BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

A Prediction by Leo of M-G-M





I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."

I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.

I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.

I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.

I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen . . . rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos . . . to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come . . .

I am proud of "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.



The famed novel at last on the screen!

ROBERT DONAT

Goodbye Mr. Chips

with GREER GARSON

A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

HOW ATTRACTIVE ARE *You* ON THE BEACH?



Posed by professional models

SKINNY?
HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS GAIN NATURALLY ALLURING CURVES



Thin, Tired, Nervous People Often Gain 10 to 25 Pounds, NEW PEP—*QUICK*

HERE'S the best news ever told for many of the thousands of skinny, tired, washed-out men and women who are almost ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit—people who can hardly eat, sleep or work—people who are so weak and weedy-looking, so nervous and cranky they've almost lost all friends.

Now many of them can easily gain naturally attractive pounds, normal health, pep and popularity in a few weeks—by simply taking these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets.

And it's easy to understand. Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin, run-down and nervous simply because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you can get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And the improvement they make in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands have gained 10 to 25 pounds of naturally good-looking flesh in just a few weeks. Their tired feeling and nervousness seem to have just flown away. They're full of pep, look like new persons, and are more popular and happy in every way.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not one of the cheap, inferior substitutes often offered which do not give the same results. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each tablet. No other is genuine.

Special offer!

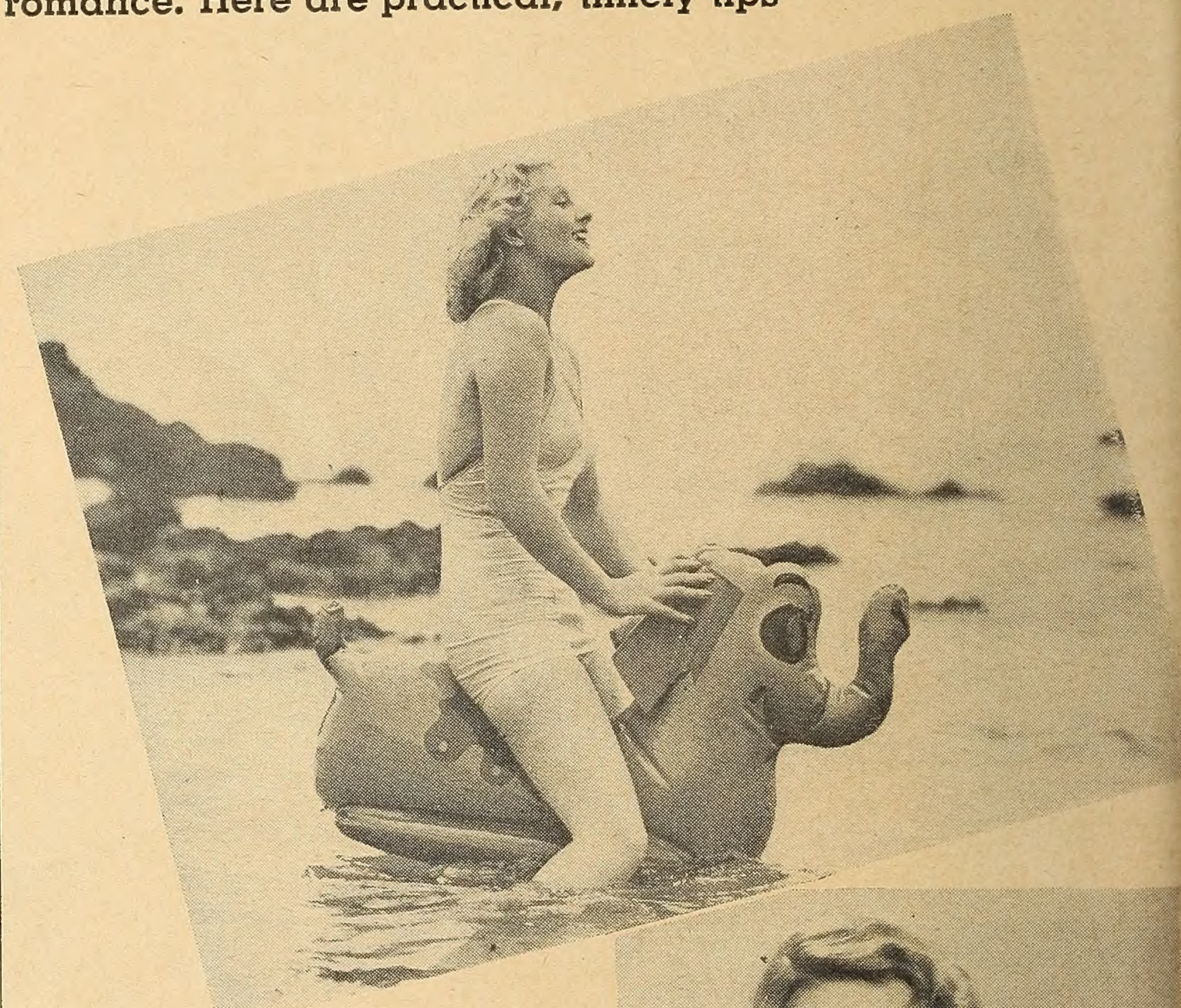
To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 267, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local paper for time and station.

For a "Beautiful" Vacation

By Mary Lee

A smart and lovely appearance, especially on vacation, is an invitation to romance. Here are practical, timely tips

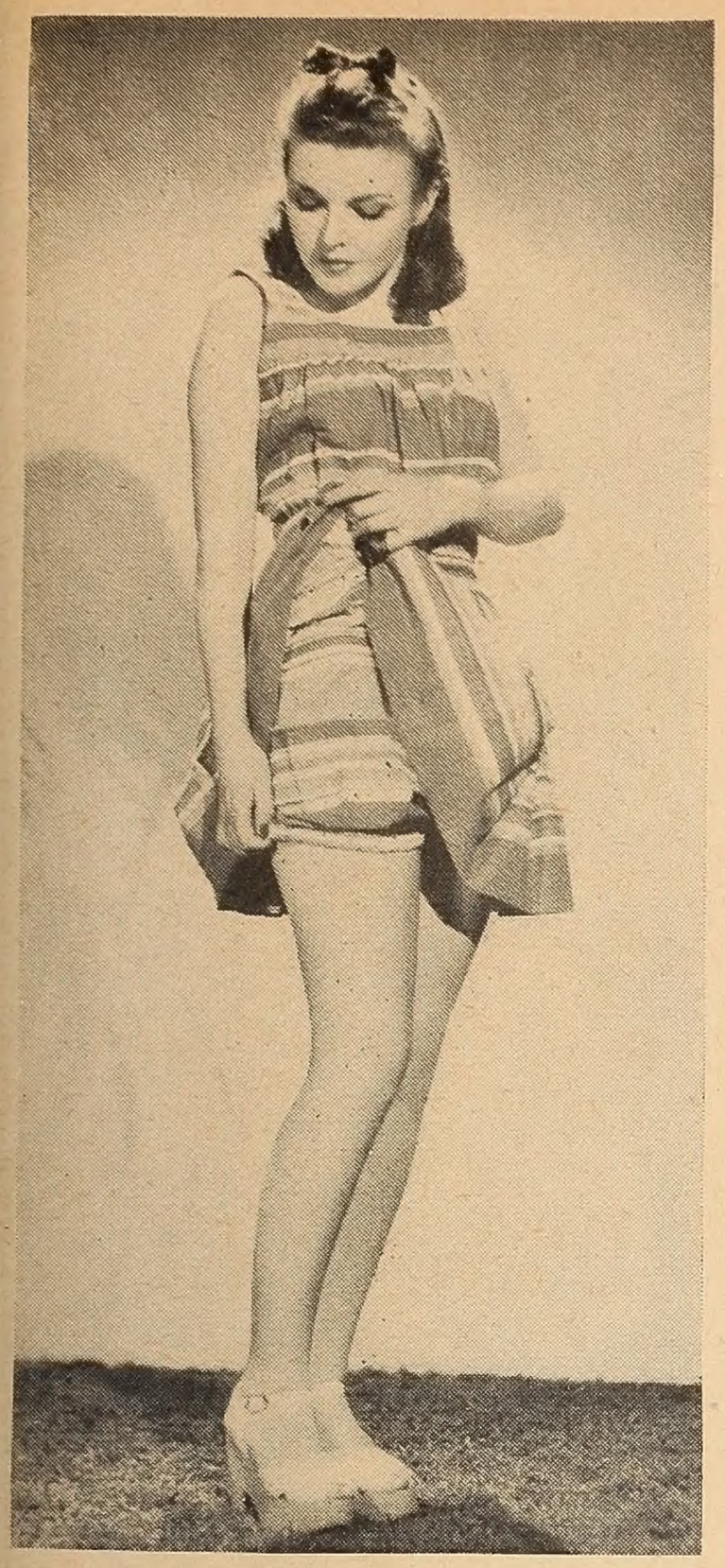


Above: Let Ilona Massey, on her pneumatic elephant, inspire you to drop all and go away for some fun. *Below:* Joan Blondell, who takes a rich tan, happily combines beauty and pleasure.



HAPPY days are here again! Real Summer, with pretty clothes to wear, and different types of clothes, like bathing suits, play suits, country cottons and organdy dance frocks. How a distinct change of costume does lift us and keep life from becoming monotonous! Summer is vacation time, too. Whether you take a real trip to the two great fairs, one in San Francisco, one in New York, a cruise or something special, undoubtedly, you will do some going about.

Recently, I have come across a number of real beauty blessings, most of them double or even triple purpose, ideally suited to the girl who likes to put her belongings in a bag and go somewhere. The products mentioned, incidentally, are all very inexpensive, though very, very good, because I think vacation time is a time when most of us have to shave down



"Vacation clothes are fun," says Dolores Casey, exhibiting her "little girl" striped outies and undies.

the budget, maybe to buy a ticket.

Let's think about hair first, because it it is often a problem for the girls who are accustomed to having their shampoo and set done for them. Sometimes, on vacation, you find yourself where there just are not any beauty shop facilities. So the answer to that is a good shampoo you can use yourself, plus the ability to make yourself some curls. For that shampoo, I recommend Admiracion Foamy Oil Shampoo. It is a splendid cleanser, is easy to use and leaves your hair shining, soft and easy to manage—most important if you're going to arrange it, yourself. A wonderful feature of Admiracion, too, is that you can use it with equally good results in soft, hard, hot or cold water! If you know your United States, you will find all water types if you go adventuring.

Now here are two new hair beauty gadgets that will save you a world of trouble. The first is the Solo Ejector Curler, which combs, curls and pins the curls in place with a flick of the fingers. It is so simple to use, that even a novice will get lovely results. A good supply of pins comes on the card with the curler, so you needn't make a separate purchase of these. It will make beautiful curls.

Then another Solo contribution—Solo Comb Brush. A real three-in-one. The same operation combs and brushes, and a rat tail end enables you to adjust your curls in beautiful order. It's small and neat enough to fit right in your bag. The traveler will like its space-saving feature; the business girl will find it the means to a well-groomed head at all times and the home girl will like it, too.

Enjoy every minute in the sun this Summer. That means, of course, that you must protect your skin against painful sunburn. There are a number of excellent oils and creams for this purpose, among them Jergens Sun-Burn Cream. This cream leaves no odor, does not stain, is neither greasy nor sticky. Those two last features make this cream extremely popular, for it's been my experience that girls do not like to use sticky, greasy preparations. Jergens Sun-Burn Cream, correctly used, prevents unsightly peeling and the miserable pain of a real sunburn. If you've ever used Jergens Hand Lotion, then you will recognize in this Sun-Burn

[*Continued on page* 13]



Here is Shirley Ross, sun-bathing for health and beauty. Wonderful, when skin is creamed or oiled to prevent painful burn.

"B-ettes are a blessing at a trying time"



Internal Sanitary Protection

No Odor, Belts, Pads or Pins

A girl in the office recommended B-ettes to Miss R—. Next time she tried them and now she'd never use anything else! She's found delightful freedom from belts, pads and pins and *perfect peace of mind about odor*. B-ettes cannot chafe, cannot show under any costume, are easily disposable.

Buy a package now so you'll have them handy when the need arises—they cost no more than old ways. 12 for 25¢, a purse size of 4 for 10¢ at drug and department stores. Say "Bee-etts". Mail coupon below today for trial package.

*Based on letter in our files.

Average Month's Supply 25¢

B-ettes

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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155 East 44th Street, New York

Enclosed is 10¢ for which please send me trial package of 4 B-ettes, with full information.

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NONSPI CREAM Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor —from 1 to 3 days.

2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.

3. May be used directly after shaving.

4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.

5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



Tips on Pictures

A Film for Every Mood

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Good. Handicapped by the poverty of his early days, Wallace Ford gets off to a wrong start and this dramatic yarn traces his career from reform school to his escape from prison on the eve of his planned execution. This is effectively portrayed, but will hardly put you in a "light mood" if that's what you want. (Patricia Ellis, Aline MacMahon.)

BIG TOWN CZAR—Fair. Ed Sullivan wrote this story about the top-notch racketeer and his young brother, both products of New York's East Side, who quite apparently came to no good end. Sullivan acts as commentator in a prologue and epilogue and proves conclusively that crime does not pay. (Barton MacLane, Tom Brown, Eve Arden.)

BROADWAY SERENADE—Entertaining. This is another lavish backstage musical, with Jeanette MacDonald cast as the wife of an unsuccessful composer, Lew Ayres, who has such a jealous temperament that he can't take it when she makes an unprecedented success in a musical comedy. Ian Hunter is "the other man" in Jeanette's life, but she returns to Lew when he becomes chastened through the success of his symphony.

DARK VICTORY—Excellent. One of the most thrillingly beautiful pictures of the year. Bette Davis again gives an amazingly fine characterization as the Long Island society girl who learns that she has only a few short months to live and decides, after a great effort, to live them as bravely as possible. (Geo. Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald.)

DODGE CITY—Good. A lusty western melodrama depicting in robust fashion the birth of this Kansas town, and the trials and tribulations through which the law-abiding citizens had to suffer before order was brought out of chaos. Errol Flynn is excellent as a romantic soldier of fortune, Bruce Cabot equally good as the "heavy," and Olivia De Havilland lovely as the heroine.

FAMILY NEXT DOOR, THE—Fair. An amusing "first" in a wholesome new series of domestic comedies. The locale is a small town, with Hugh Herbert cast as a plumber whose family has social aspirations. Various "family group" characterizations are unearthed, some of them played by such reliables as Ruth Donnelly, Bennie Bartlett, Eddie Quillan and Juanita Quigley.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Fine. An unpretentious story about big-shot gamblers that turns out to be first-rate comedy. The plot concerns the misplacement of $50,000 by two honest "stooges" of a gambler, and the predicament they find themselves in when June Lang, who becomes the surprised recipient of this cash, blows it all in during a luxurious shopping splurge. (Robert Kent, June Lang, Edward Brophy.)

FOUR FEATHERS, THE—Excellent.



Yvonne Printemps has her own way of diverting the attention of the newspaper reporter who is interviewing Pierre Fresnay in "Three Waltzes."



"For Love Or Money" is the title of the film from which this scene between June Lang and Robert Kent was taken.

A British technicolor feature produced by Alexander Korda, which means that it's tops so far as story, acting and direction are concerned. The four feathers are given to the hero as proof of his cowardice, and the plot tells, in unique manner, how he redeems himself. (John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez.)

HOUSEMASTER, THE—Fine. One of those delightful films in which the plot centers around a boys' school in England, on the type of Eton, with age-old traditions that the scholars cherish. When these traditions are deliberately overthrown by a new headmaster, an amusing minor revolution takes place. The housemaster, played to perfection by Otto Kruger, further upsets the school by having three vivacious female relatives come to live with him. Fine cast includes Diana Churchill and Phillips Holmes.

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—Fine. Sherlock Holmes is back on the screen, with his faithful Dr. Watson, played in turn, and to perfection, by Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. The

[*Continued on page* 12]



Fred MacMurray and Irene Dunne co-star in "Invitation To Happiness."

Beauty swims at the Fair—

in the new Silhouetting Swim Suits designed by *B.V.D.!

True daughters of Neptune, the lovely young girls who star in "Billy Rose's Aquacade—New York World's Fair 1939." And every one of them wears **B. V. D. Suits exclusively!* The reasons—form-fitting glamour and figure control ...flexible, buoyant fabrics and sparkling aquatic colors. Wear them—and see for yourself!



Uplift Control—There's silhouette sorcery in the bustline control of B.V.D. suits. It's done with clever cut and exclusive elastic design that raises and slenderizes the bust.



Midriff Sculpturing—Figure magic is yours in every B.V.D. fabric—in every B.V.D. suit that holds you firmly, comfortably at the waistline, makes you look slim-as-a-stalk.

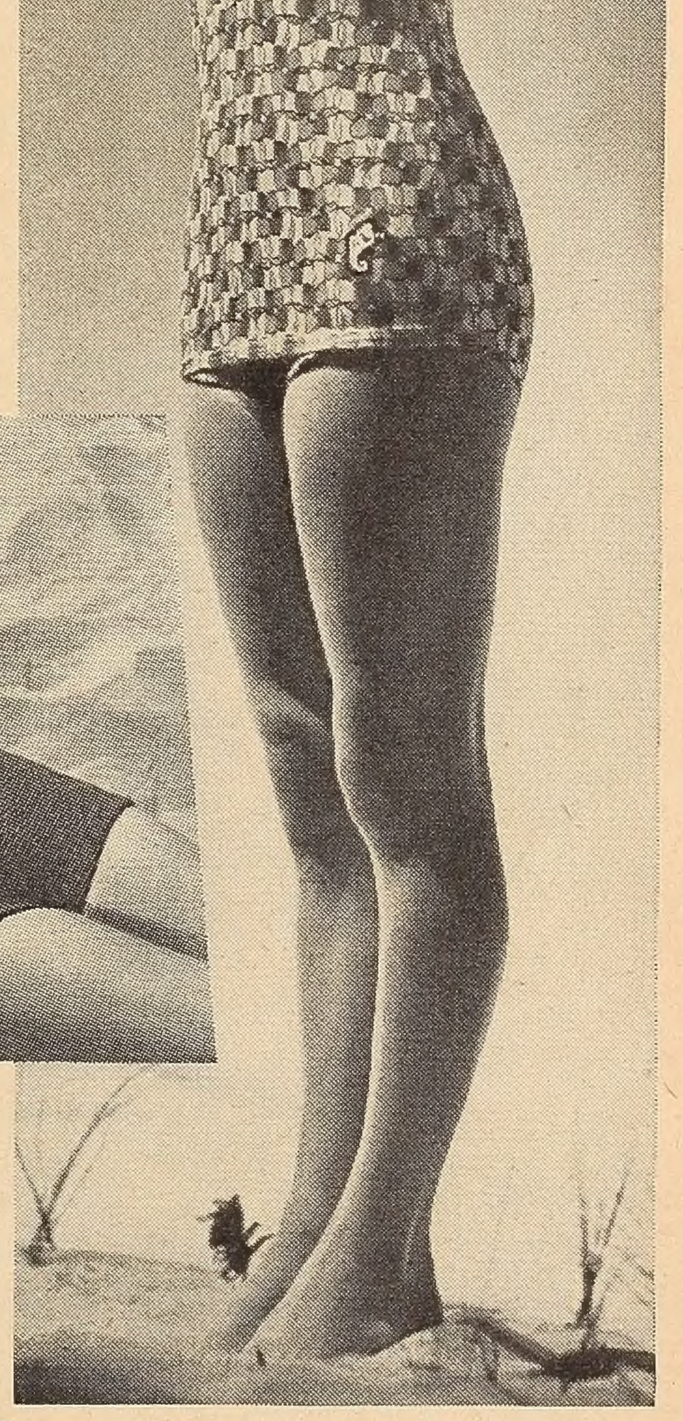


Evening Gown Brilliance—From the ballroom to the beach go the latest, loveliest evening gown lines in these stunning new B.V.D. swim suits—distinguished for their beauty and comfort.



Trunkline Triumph—B.V.D. trunks are carefully cut, smoothly tailored with a fullness that gives you ease and comfort—assures good looks—whether you are active or indolent.

Half-Skirted and "strapless," this new swim suit in lovely *B.V.D. Stitch features a high, tucked bustline for flattery, and cleverly hidden straps that tie, halter-fashion, for active wear. **$5.95.**



Eleanor Holm, lovely star of Billy Rose's N. Y. World's Fair Aquacade, wears a swim suit of lustrous *"Sea Satin" by *B.V.D. in a gay and lovely Dogwood print. **$6.95.**

*B.V.D.
SWIM SUITS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



THERE is no mystery about Tampax. It is simply a kind of monthly sanitary protection *worn internally*. Each individual Tampax is sealed in a hygienic container which allows you to insert the Tampax neatly and daintily.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and more than 133,000,000 have already been sold. It brings new comfort and freedom to club women, office workers, athletes, students, housewives. It does away with chafing, odor and "bulking," providing a smooth costume-profile even in swim suits or sheer evening gowns. No belts or pins. You really forget you are wearing Tampax!

Made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton, highly compressed. Tampax is extremely absorbent and efficient. No disposal problems. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Introductory package, 20¢. An average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



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New Brunswick, N. J. S. U.-79

☐ Send introductory box; 20¢ enclosed (stamps, coins). Size checked below.
☐ Regular Tampax ☐ Junior Tampax
☐ Send Tampax booklet with diagrams—free.

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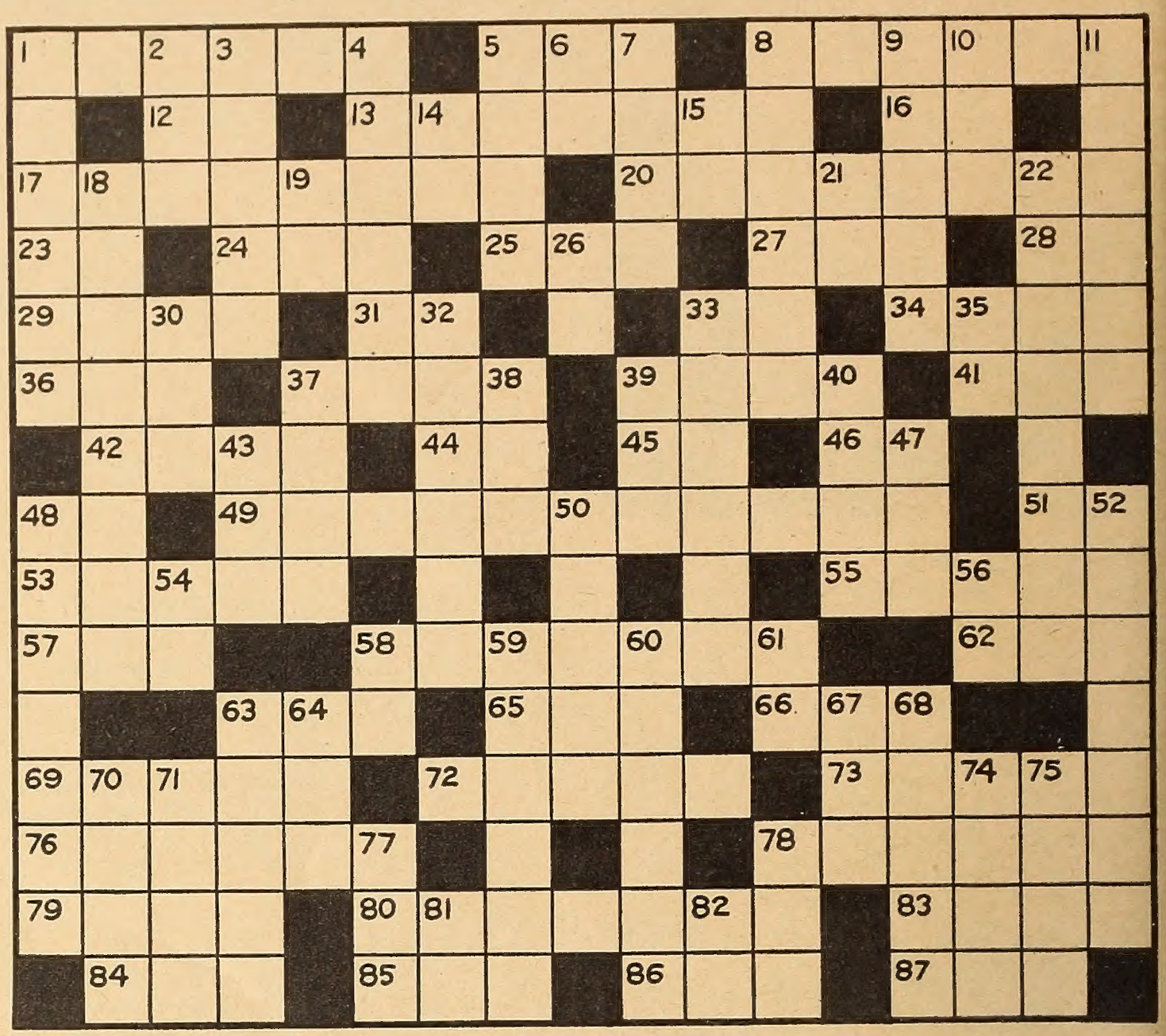
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A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

(SOLUTION ON PAGE 81)



ACROSS

1 Star of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
5 Skill
8 Girl from the slums in "One Third of a Nation"
12 Jumbled type
13 Beaming with brightness
16 Every (abbr.)
17 Heroine in "Let Freedom Ring"
20 Heathcliff in 'Wuthering Heights"
23 Within
24 Self
25 Girl's name
27 To sum up
28 Ocean (abbr.)
29 Masculine name
31 Eccentric gangster in "Society Lawyer" (initials)
33 A younger person (abbr.)
34 Girdle
36 Sea Eagle
37 Scent
39 Headgear
41 Partook of food
42 Mountain lake
44 Wool (Scot.)
45 Suffix
46 Army Corps (abbr.)
48 Island, part of Greater New York (abbr.)
49 Wise grandmother in "Love Affair"
51 Measure of weight (abbr.)
53 Maintains possession of
55 Fashion
57 Interest (abbr.)
58 Porter in "Risky Business"
62 United States money (abbr.)
63 Bring an action against
65 Frozen water
66 Cry of a sheep
69 More tardy
72 Starred in "Dodge City"
73 With Robert Taylor in "Lucky Night"
76 Mrs. John Barrymore
78 Brook
79 Spun wool
80 One of the "Three Smart Girls"
83 Hatred
84 Born
85 Possessive pronoun
86 Observe
87 Pen

DOWN

1 Tubby in "Spirit of Culver"
2 Month (abbr.)
3 Dr. Watson in "Hound of the Baskervilles"
4 Land grabbing financier in "Let Freedom Ring"
5 First man
6 New England state (abbr.)
7 Narrative
8 The queen in "The Three Musketeers"
9 With Gary Cooper in "The Real Glory"
10 Covered wagon
11 Star of "Alexander Graham Bell"
14 Two-toed sloth
15 Our continent (abbr.)
18 Lifelessness
19 Radio singer (initials)
21 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
22 Lovable mother in "King of the Turf"
26 Similar to
30 Well-known actress
32 Star of "Beau Geste"
33 Orphan boy in "Spirit of Culver"
35 Associate of Arts (abbr.)
37 An obligation
38 Spawn of fishes
39 Belonging to him
40 Speaks
43 Bar of wood or metal
47 Household pet
48 Star of "The Little Princess"
50 The wife of "Jesse James"
52 The policeman in "Let Us Live"
54 Army officer (abbr.)
56 Measure of length (abbr.)
58 Exist
59 The spy in "They Made Her A Spy"
60 In "The Kid From Texas"
61 The other man in "Love Affair" (initials)
63 Fishing net
64 Vase
67 A sum total (abbr.)
68 With Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"
70 Dr. Melford in "Four Girls in White"
71 Weed
74 Tear
75 Fleet of ships
77 Prefix
78 Feminine pronoun
81 Near by
82 Point of compass (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

■	L	O	M	B	A	R	D	■	S	T	E	W	A	R	T	■
B	O	G	A	R	T	■	U	M	P	■	C	O	B	U	R	N
E	R	R	■	O	O	■	N	E	E	■	R	E	■	T	E	A
L	E	E	K	■	M	O	N	T	A	G	U	■	C	H	A	S
A	T	■	N	D	■	B	E	E	R	Y	■	B	H	■	S	H
■	T	■	O	R	■	■	■	R	■	R	■	E	E	■	O	■
H	A	Y	W	O	R	T	H	■	F	O	N	T	A	I	N	E
E	■	E	L	L	A	■	E	E	R	■	O	T	T	O	■	L
A	■	N	E	L	S	O	N	■	A	R	L	E	E	N	■	S
R	O	S	S	■	E	■	R	U	N	■	A	■	D	I	V	A
■	L	■	■	E	D	D	Y	■	K	E	N	T	■	■	I	■
T	I	A	R	A	■	E	■	A	■	N	■	A	L	I	V	E
A	V	■	I	C	■	L	U	M	E	T	■	L	A	■	I	A
M	I	T	C	H	E	L	L	■	T	R	E	A	C	H	E	R
S	A	M	E	■	A	S	E	■	A	Y	E	■	E	O	N	S

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Together in Screendom's Matchless Achievement



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WARNER BROS.

The most distinguished production in a year memorable for the outstanding offerings of WARNER BROS.

*

A STORY SO MOMENTOUS THAT IT REQUIRED SIX ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS AND A CAST OF 1186 PLAYERS, HEADED BY

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD

GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

DIRECTED BY WILLIAM DIETERLE

*

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt. Based on a Play by Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding. Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

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● Summer housework is hard on tender hands. Use Hinds to keep your hands looking soft, feminine. Hinds coaxes back the softness that hard water, dust, and drying winds take away! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

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A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

CREAM DEODORANT

More for your money—The best to be had

Stops Perspiration Annoyance



Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 9]

lonely English moors are the setting for as grim a bit of detecting as you've run across for many a moon. Fine cast includes Richard Greene, Wendy Barrie, Lionel Atwill.

INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH—Fair. An English mystery yarn, with Hornleigh solving the murder in a manner which we have grown accustomed to associate with the masterly Sherlock Holmes' type of detective. The plot concerns the theft of financial papers important to the balancing of the English Budget. It is capably directed and acted, and possesses a certain measure of suspense. (Hugh Williams, Gordon Harker, Miki Hood.)

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Interesting. Starring Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray, this film about a prize-fighter who marries into the Blue Blood of New York gets off to a fine start, but sags down disappointingly in the middle. It achieves a stirring climax, however, when Fred loses the championship and finds that failure also has its compensations. (Billy Cook, Charles Rogers.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—Fine. One of those hilarious comedies that you've come to expect when Claudette Colbert is cast in the leading role. With her this time is Jimmy Stewart, who also gives the proper zest to humorous roles. Jimmy plays detective to a millionaire, and when he gets into a hot spot Claudette comes along blithely to gum up his clues. Cast includes Nat Pendleton, Frances Drake, Guy Kibbee and Edgar Kennedy.

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—Amusing. Dennis O'Keefe plays a cowboy from Texas who has a yen for polo. When he meets Florence Rice, a Long Island heiress, he is vastly humiliated when her "set" laughs him off their swank polo field. But he comes back to redeem himself as a player as well as prospective suitor for Florence's hand.

LET US LIVE—Fine. All about the under-privileged in a big city, this is melodrama at its most straight-forward and best. It will get you all excited about the miscarriage of justice, etc. Henry Fonda plays a young taxi driver falsely accused of murder, and Maureen O'Sullivan, as a waitress, makes a persistent effort to track down the real murderer.

MYSTERY OF MR. WONG—Fair. Boris Karloff in another of his "oriental detective" roles. It contains the usual murder mystery, and there ensues the usual cross-examination of various witnesses, with everyone looking oddly guilty at times. The cast includes Grant Withers, Ivan Lebedeff and Dorothy Tree.

STAR REPORTER—Fair. In which the newspaper business endorses a crusade against public officials mixed up in various nefarious schemes. Warren Hull plays the son of a publisher who gets killed by a criminal, and it is this that starts Hull off on his crusade. Good for dual programs. (Marsha Hunt, Clay Clement, Morgan Wallace.)

STORY OF IRENE AND VERNON CASTLE, THE—Excellent. As almost everybody knows, the Castles were a sensation as ballroom dancers just before the World War. This charming biographical study of their meeting and subsequent marriage and rise to fame is something no one should miss. As characterized by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, perfect dancers in their own right, it reaches a new high.

STREET OF MISSING MEN—Fair. Considering that a newspaper publisher (Harry Carey) was responsible for his prison term, Charles Bickford is obsessed with the idea that he will never be happy unless he destroys Carey's career and puts the newspaper out of business. Cast includes Guinn Williams, Nana Bryant and Regis Toomey.

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Good. Jackie Cooper and a youngster named Martin Spellman go to town in this tale of "right conquering over might." As a youth with a crippled brother to take care of, Jackie works by day and studies law by night, his law work serving him well when he wishes to defend a gang of unfortunate urchins.

THEY MADE HER A SPY—Good. A moderately exciting story about spies who make Washington their headquarters. In order to avenge the death of her brother, an army engineer, Sally Eilers does a bit of sleuthing for the government and meets up with Allan Lane, a spy posing as a newspaper reporter.

THREE WALTZES—Fair. A French operetta, with English titles, starring two of the most prominent players on the Paris stage, Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. Covering three distinct periods, 1867-1900-1937, and three generations of lovers, the plot travels along swiftly. But, although the Strauss music is delightful and the actors all they should be, the film, unfortunately, is on the dullish side.

WITH A SMILE—Charming. A sophisticated French-made film starring debonair Maurice Chevalier, a screen matinee idol here in America not so many years ago. Maurice plays the role of a gay, insouciant young theatre porter who, with his smile and utterly captivating but ruthless ways, manages to reach the top in the theatrical world—becoming general impresario of the Opera.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Splendid. The grim Yorkshire moors, described so poignantly by Emily Bronte in her famous novel of this name, are a fitting background for the high-tension drama going on between Cathy, played superbly by Merle Oberon, and the dour Heathcliff, played with equal excellence by the English actor, Laurence Olivier. This is a film you won't soon forget. (David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp.)

ZENOBIA—Amusing. Slapstick comedy at its best. Zenobia, by the way, is a she-elephant that practically steals the picture from its stars, Laurel and Hardy. (June Lang, Jean Parker, James Ellison.)

A "Beautiful" Vacation

[Continued from page 7]

Cream the same soothing elements that leave skin so soft and smooth. The Hollywood stars, as you know, are great sun addicts, but each has her own method, according to skin type, of thwarting disfiguring, painful burn. Please don't expose unprotected skin to the sun for any length of time.

For those troubled with superfluous hair, here is very good news. Lechler's Velvet-Stohn offers a safe and effective method of removal. This is a compact cake, resembling a powder puff, but firm, of course. You simply rotate it over the hirsute area with light movements, and it rapidly clears the skin to baby smoothness. It is harmless, odorless and antiseptic. You can carry it as easily as your powder compact. The Lechler Laboratories suggest this for hair on cheeks, upper lip, chin, arms and legs. I will gladly send you more particulars.

This is certainly the season to take advantage of the new and gorgeous costume and make-up colors. A girl no longer can get by with one lipstick. She needs several, so that complete and flattering harmony may exist between the tones of her face and her costume. For example, at a recent luncheon, lovely Anne Shirley wore a cyclamen scarf over her head to match her cyclamen lipstick. Her frock



Betty Grable thinks roller skating is an easy-to-do exercise.

was of pale lilac. This cyclamen is a truly wonderful shade, and you will be delighted to find in your chain stores, for practically a song, the very new Miner's Lip Tips (little lipsticks), four to a card, with a very complete guide on the back, telling you what tone to wear with varying costume colors. Here is your opportunity to test the season's highest fashions in tone, for the card contains June Rose, Scarlett, Cyclamen and Orchid, for evening. The lipsticks are made from a formula that gives satin smoothness, plus the pure freshness of tone that stays on your lips a long, long time.

In your chain stores, also, you will be surprised to find what excellent perfumes Park & Tilford offer in cunning, individual containers, slightly flat and very convenient for purse carrying. Park & Tilford is a very old firm, and the high quality of their products is recognized everywhere. The bottles have a smart stopper that enables you to tap out just the amount of perfume desired, without danger of spilling. It is interesting to compare these perfumes with some many times their price, then try to guess which is which. They are just that lovely.

If there is any situation that crushes your high spirits and makes you look sodden and careless, it is certainly obvious perspiration. It is fatal to poise and charm, too, as well as your good clothes. There are three fine Hush products, that prevent any such situation arising. There are Hush Cream and Hush Liquid for under-arm use, according to your type preference. They are fine products, easy on the skin and easy to use. Then there is Hush Powder, for sanitary use, and a great preserver of poise. These products are a sure way to body daintiness, despite July temperatures and energetic running-around. You will find these in chain stores, also.

Being your very best at all times is a secret for real enjoyment. Knowing how to do for yourself, knowing, too, how to present a smart, groomed appearance, especially if you must do it on a shoestring, is a definite accomplishment.

Don't risk ROMANCE this summer!



Protect daintiness—Lux dresses the way you do your undies

Dresses—like undies—absorb perspiration odor all day long. Especially in warm weather Lux dresses often. Lux takes away odor—keeps dresses new looking longer! Avoid harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

MAYBE I'LL MEET **THE** MAN ON MY VACATION. I WON'T RISK **OFFENDING**...I'LL **LUX DRESSES** THE WAY I DO MY UNDIES—

"Oh, Tom, I'm so happy!"

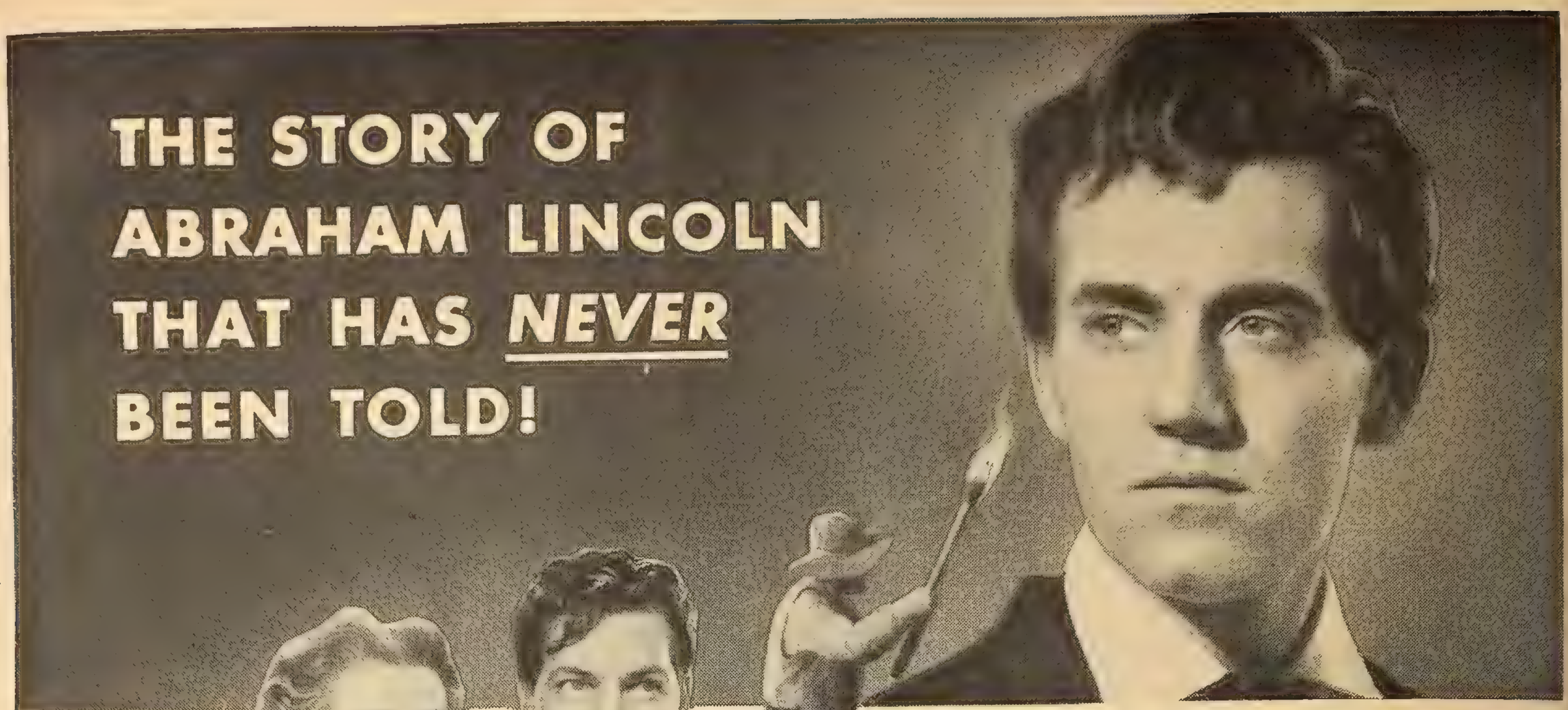
Engaged . . . and she used to think romance would pass her by. She learned she was offending—began using Lux. It leaves dresses so dainty! Helps protect popularity, romance.

Figure what Lux saves:

For less than a penny, unless the water is hard, you can Lux a dress or a sweater. In hard water, just a bit more Lux softens the water, gives you an abundance of suds.

A little goes so far, it's **thrifty**

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN THAT HAS *NEVER* BEEN TOLD!



His thrilling, exciting, romantic youth... wrestling, fighting, telling funny stories, falling in love! A picture stirring with its drama, romance, action, emotion!



Two boys charged with murder . . . and between them and the gallows . . . the youthful backwoods attorney for the defense . . . ABE LINCOLN!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

YOUNG Mr. LINCOLN

with

HENRY FONDA • ALICE BRADY • MARJORIE WEAVER • ARLEEN WHELAN

EDDIE COLLINS • PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL • DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS • EDDIE QUILLAN

A Cosmopolitan Production

Directed by John Ford

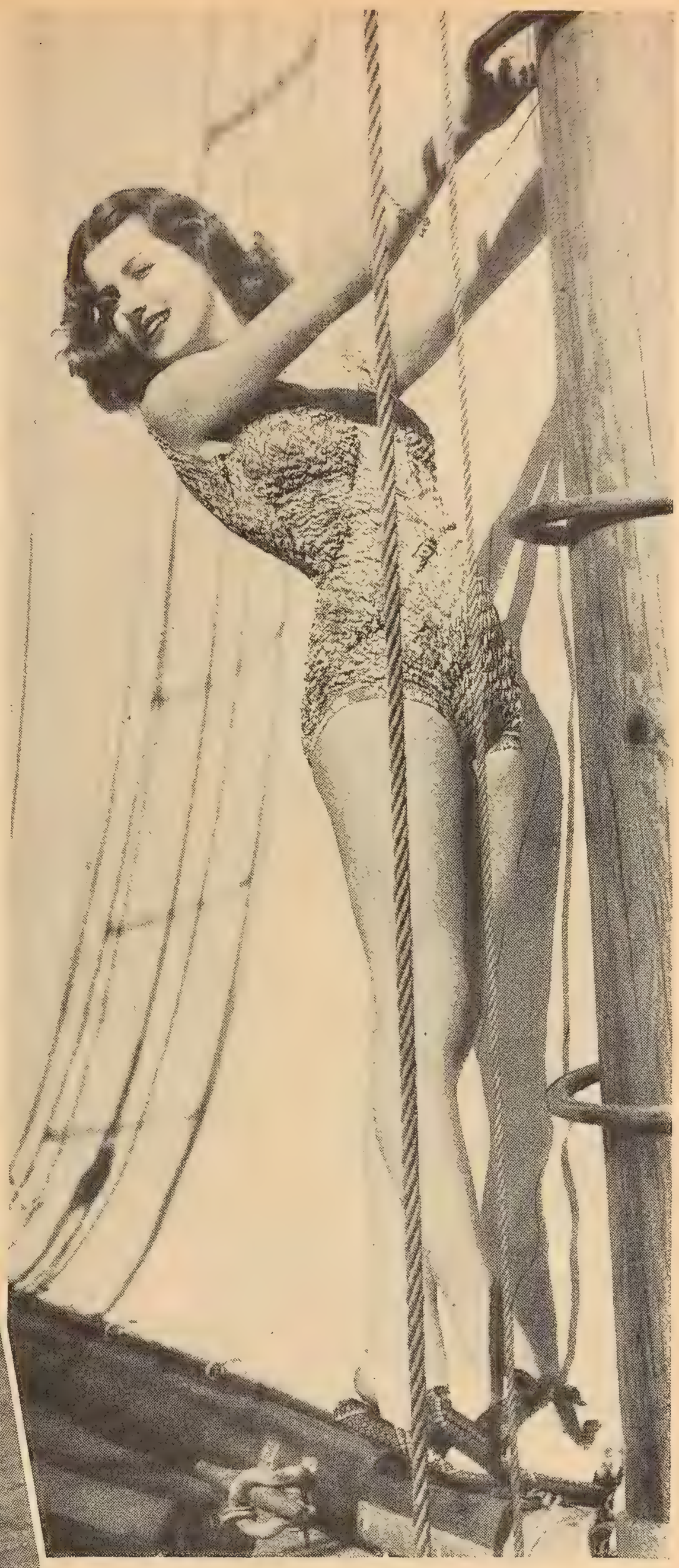
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

Silver Screen

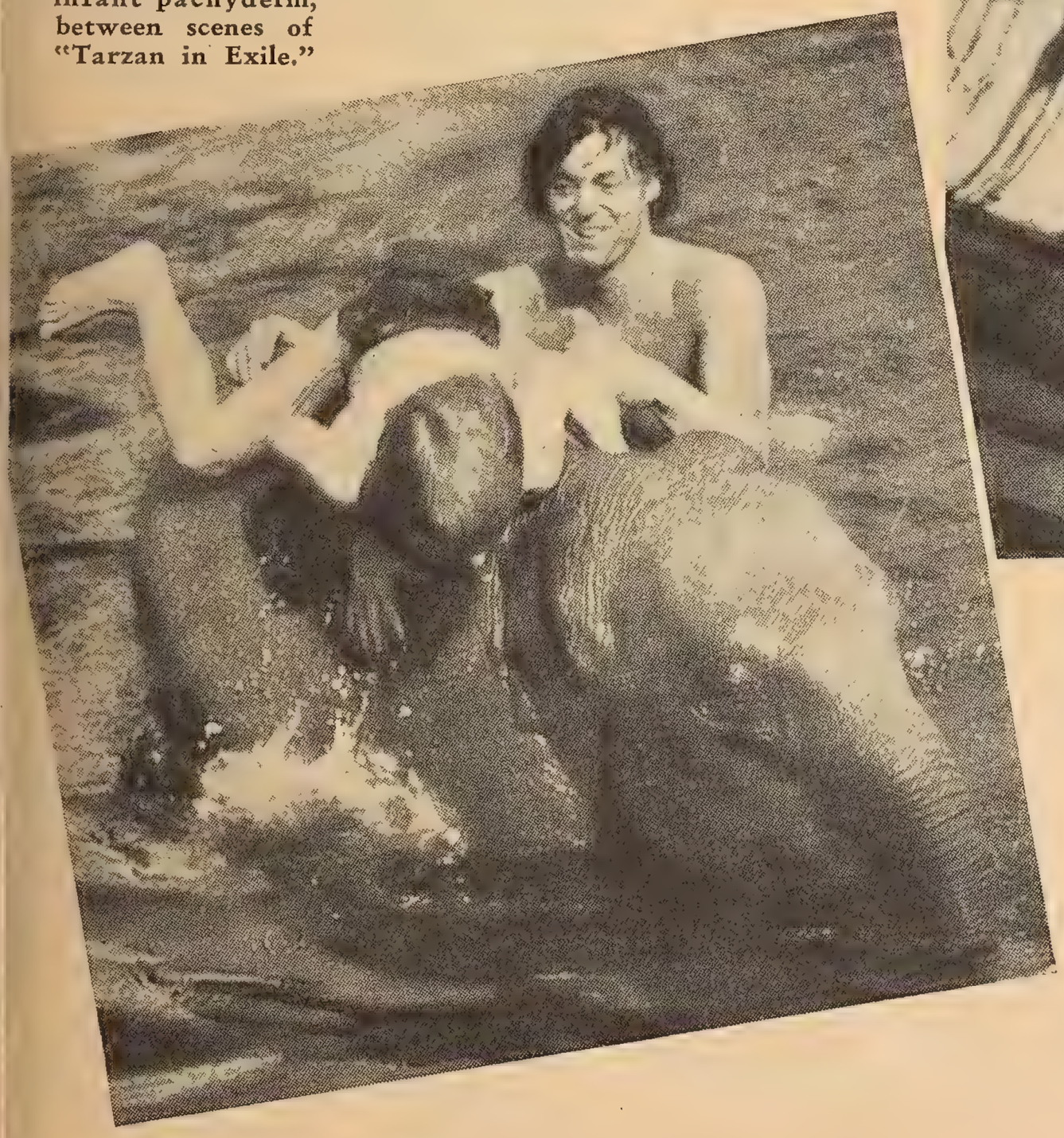
LOCAL boy makes good never was truer than it is with the case of Pasadena's own William Holden, chosen for the title rôle in "Golden Boy." Every young actor in the land wanted the part of the violin-playing pugilist. William didn't try for it, convinced he was not good enough. But he had made a routine screen test with a likely looking actress, which Director Rouben Mamoulian and Producer William Perlberg chanced to see in their search for a girl to play the sister of "Golden Boy." The girl didn't particularly impress them, but William most certainly did. They sent for him immediately, gave him another test which turned out perfectly and signed him for the coveted rôle. Oddly enough, he does play the violin and is quite handy with his fists.

Cecil B. DeMille has received many honors in his time, but none impressed him more than when the City Council of Omaha, Nebraska, re-named Douglas Street, one of its busiest thoroughfares, to DeMille Street in appreciation for his production of "Union Pacific."



Johnny Weissmuller, on location at Ocala, Florida, clowning with little Johnny Sheffield and "Baby Bea," infant pachyderm, between scenes of "Tarzan in Exile."

Frances Robinson, lovely Universal starlet, last seen in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," is a former John Powers model and New York socialite. She loves to swim.



Two of Robert E. Sherwood's most successful stage plays are soon to become movies. "The Road to Rome," with Clark Gable as Hannibal and Myrna Loy as the wife of the Roman Pro-Consul, will be produced by M-G-M, and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" will be released by RKO-Radio.

Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, is progressing nicely and may yet rival his dad as a box-office attraction.

Penny Singleton, star of the "Blondie" series, is still recuperating from her recent siege of bronchial pneumonia.

George Raft is quite determined to do a straight dramatic rôle on the New York stage. He's read hundreds of possible plays, but has yet to find the right one. *(Continued on next page)*



Lupe Velez rehearsing the *Las Chapanecas* which she dances in "The Girl from Mexico." Her instructor is Eduardo Cansino, who, with his sister, made up the famous dancing team, The Cansinos, featured in the Ziegfeld Follies.



Marie De Forest, considered one of Hollywood's cutest girls, receives an application of body make-up for a dancing sequence in "Man About Town," starring Jack Benny and Dorothy Lamour.



Garbed in the uniform of the Foreign Legion, Gary Cooper recently played host to Dr. John S. Nollen, president of Grinnell College, and his wife. Grinnell is Gary's Alma Mater. Dr. Nollen stated that Gary couldn't make the dramatic club at school.

Bette Davis has completed arrangements to sponsor annually the gift and training of three Guide Dogs to as many blind persons. The dogs will be trained at the Tailwaggers Guide Dog Institute, in the San Fernando Valley, for three months, after which the blind who receive them will receive a month of training with their animals.

Harvey Stephens, currently in "The House of Fear," with Irene Hervey and William Gargan, is one of the country's leading glider experts. Gliding has long been his hobby, much to the film companies' displeasure.

Twentieth Century-Fox has a man on the payroll named Ben Southland. He's the company's gun expert. It's his job to teach players appearing in westerns how to handle the firearms. His latest pupil was Warner Baxter, appearing in "The Return of the Cisco Kid," who spent about an hour a day with him practicing getting the drop on people so he'd be faster than Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, Jimmy Cagney and the other wild westerners.

John Trent, who plays *Tailspin Tommy* in Monogram's "Mystery Plane," was approximately 12,000 feet up in the air when P. B. Schulberg discovered and signed him for the movies two years ago. He was the pilot of a transport plane in which the producer was a passenger.

Jackie Cooper has formed his own dance orchestra and will take it on a tour of the country this summer. He'll play the drums. And, swingsters, Jackie can really beat it out.

What is reputedly the largest set ever constructed in Hollywood has been completed for Gary Cooper's next, "The Real Glory," the locale of which is the Philippine Islands. It takes up six acres.

ALICE FAYE visited Gotham recently for a long-deserved rest. While making "Rose of Washington Square" she caught the flu. She hurried back to work too soon and by



Anne Shirley and James Ellison link arms with *(left to right)* Evelyn Eager, Helen Seamon, Sugar Geise, and Edna Mae Jones who appear with them as co-eds in "Sorority House."

the time the picture was finished, Alice was just about finished herself. She went to New York by boat, the cruise being just the tonic she needed.

Of the twenty-two girls cast as co-eds in the film "Sorority House," only one has ever attended a university. She's Kay Stewart who went to Northwestern and, incidentally, was one of the cheer leaders.

During Dorothy Lamour's trip to New York she received the degree of M. A. from New York University. The degree was conferred by the Dean of the College of Commerce. But don't be misled. It stands for Mistress of Amusements!

Remember the handsome, but villainous, Ricardo Cortez? Well, he's now a full-fledged director at Twentieth Century-Fox. His first offering is "Chasing Danger."

Lynn Bari, who plays the feminine lead opposite Warner Baxter in "The Return of the Cisco Kid," was married to Walter Kane, an actors' agent, just before production of the picture began. She hopes to continue with her career, but if it conflicts with her married life, Lynn insists she'll forget all about her screen work pronto.

Talk about tough breaks. Julie Stevens, recently signed St. Louis and Pasadena Little Theatre actress, was to have made her screen debut with John Garfield in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses." She caught scarlet fever and had to withdraw from the cast.

A certain surgical supply house on the west coast rents out a skeleton to the various movie companies. It's been in use for about 17 years and has made over $10,000 in rental fees for its owners.

No wonder Anne Shirley is so happy these days. Her hubby, John Payne, has been given a new Warner contract.

Reginald Denny's daughter, Barbara, is making her film debut as a stand-in at Paramount.

When you see "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," notice the woman who plays the part of Paul Lukas' wife. She was once prominent in the German theatre. She came to America as a refugee. When asked to play the part she agreed upon condition that she be permitted to use a fictitious name and that her identity be concealed by make-up. She still has relatives in Germany and feared reprisals against them if she worked in the picture as herself. She's listed as Celia Sibelius in the cast.



Jo Ann Sayers, M-G-M player, was signed when scouts saw her as the Ski Queen of the University of Washington. Her real name is Mimi Lilygren. She's from Seattle.

Dr. Walter Damrosch, dean of American symphony orchestra conductors, whose Music Appreciation hour over NBC is heard by 6,000,000 school children every week, made his radio debut at the age of 61. But he's now to make his movie debut at the age of 77 in Bing Crosby's "The Star Maker." He'll conduct a symphony orchestra which will accompany the latest juvenile singing sensation, thirteen-year-old Linda Ware.

George Brent, as a lad in Dublin, Ireland, worked for a blacksmith. He loved the work and has since made blacksmithing his hobby. He has a combination machine, carpentry and blacksmith shop in his home and fashions many things for himself and for his friends. He recently presented to Bette Davis, with whom he appears in "The Old Maid," a unique set of wrought iron garden furniture for her new Brentwood home.

Helen Gilbert used to be a cellist in the studio orchestra at M-G-M. One day they suddenly decided she was one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood. They gave her a screen test, found out that she could act and handed her a contract. You'll see her in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever."

Marriage and Hedy Lamarr

The first authentic story of the intimate domestic life of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey

By Gladys Hall





Hedy and Gene at home. Hedy, as all her best friends will tell you, is an incredibly happy person, domestically. *Right:* She loves the outdoors.

IN A small, one-storied white farmhouse, nestling in the green hills of Hollywood, lives Mrs. Gene Markey, better known to you as Hedy Lamarr. And Hedy is as snugly at home in the cosy, unpretentious little house as the little house is at home in the sheltering hills. She does not need to dwell in marble halls in order to walk with happiness.

Hedy, as all her best friends will tell you, is an incredibly happy person, domestically.

If, therefore, you are under the impression that marriage and Hedy Lamarr are incompatibles, you are completely mistaken. If you imagine that the rich oil of orchid which you think is Hedy and the bread-and-butter commonplaceness which you think is marriage cannot mix successfully, you don't know Hedy as I know her. Truth is, Hedy is not only "divinely happy" in her new marriage, but—and this is far more significant—she is richly and profoundly contented.

For Hedy likes to be married. Hedy loves a home. Hedy is, at heart, a homemaker. She likes to plan meals, and does plan them. She has, her husband is said to have remarked with masculine satisfaction, a great sense about food. Hedy loves to arrange flowers. She is the greatest little flower-arranger in the world.

Hedy loves to take long walks in the hills with her two dogs, one being the biggest Great Dane in all dogdom, the other the smallest Scottie in his branch of the animal kingdom. She sometimes walks seven and eight miles a day with the dogs, through the wild, lilac-lavish hills of Benedict Canyon. She comes second only to Garbo as the greatest walker in Hollywood.

Hedy adores children and, in her own words, "tremendously wants to have children." The maternal instinct has always been strong in her . . . ever since her childhood days in Vienna when she would take her doll out to walk in its perambulator, pretending that the doll was a real, live baby, furious to tears if someone uncovered the bisque head and revealed the "baby" as a doll. Children, in turn, adore Hedy. She has that special quality with them. They turn to her, always and instinctively, like small sunflowers toward the sun. There is that in her eyes, I think, which makes them know they are welcome in her arms. This "Queen of Glamour" has, in common with all truly great queens, a warm and generous heart.

Nor is the Queen of Glamour, glamour-minded. She wears that crown uneasily, and with some distaste. She once said to me, "I can act 'glamorous' for about one hour a day, then I am bored to death with it.' She doesn't care for night-clubs. She doesn't care for big parties. Night after night Gene Markey says to her: "What would you like to do tonight?" Invariably, the answer is "I like to stay home." And she does. Rather, they do. For weeks, following her marriage, and before she started production on "Lady of The Tropics," Hedy stayed at home, arranging and re-arranging furniture, walking, working with her flowers.



ly adores children. The ternal instinct always has n strong in her. In her words, she "tremendous- wants to have children."





Hedy doesn't need public admiration or flirtations to feed her feminine vanity, which is, so far as all outward manifestations go, practically non-existent. Incredibly beautiful, she is incredibly unselfconscious about it. She is never seen using a lipstick, a compact. Her girlfriends tell me that they have yet to see her looking into a mirror. To look like an orchid, to have the heart and spirit of a sturdy, garden zinnia is to be a rare combination of qualities, indeed. But such a combination is Hedy. She is the very reverse of the indolent, languorous lily who neither toils nor spins.

Before they were married, Hedy and Gene occasionally went to night clubs and big parties. But now they prefer to remain at home. They're divinely happy together in their "farmhouse."

When, before her marriage to Gene Markey, she was decorating and making alterations in the new home she had bought for herself, she insisted upon doing the greater part of the interior painting herself. When, in the scrapped "I Take This Woman," it was necessary for her to make an eight foot leap off the deck of a steamer in a "suicide attempt," Hedy declined to have a double take the risk for her, and made the leap herself. She doesn't keep herself sheathed in cotton batting. What she thinks of being a "Bird In A Gilded Cage" she demonstrated when she escaped the "gilded cage" which was her first marriage. Escaped into a life which was largely Chance and certainly hard work [*Continued on page* 60]

Hollywood Believe-it-or-Nots

Amazing things you never knew before about your favorites!

By Ripley

BELIEVE it or not! There is a warrant out for Mickey Mouse's arrest in Germany! Greta Garbo never said "Ay tank ay go home!" Robert Taylor is never head-lined in his home town! Sonja Henie divides her life into two parts! Shirley Temple has more namesakes than anybody in the world! George Brent, native of Ireland, can't go back there! Ida Lupino is psychic! Fay Wray once acted as a "decoy" for kidnappers!

Name almost any favorite of the screen, and I'll tell you of some characteristic, some experience, some strange quirk of fate in the life story which brings that person into my category of "believe-it-or nots."

But, first, let me say that all the stars have one unusual thing in common. They live in the strangest city in the world—Hollywood—which isn't a city at all. Its name stands for glamour, adventure, romance, and many are the people who find their way there. Yet you can't buy a ticket to Hollywood. It is merely a section of Los Angeles. You have to get off the train at the Los Angeles station, or at one of the neighboring communities, such as Pasadena. Hollywood's postoffice is only a branch of the Los Angeles institution, yet it is considered such an important address that business firms as far away as Texas and Honolulu have postoffice boxes in Hollywood, so that they can use that address. And the stars' mail goes through that branch, so the name "Hollywood" is, perhaps, the most publicized name in all the world, at present.



In being made a Knight of the Order of St. Olaf by the King of Norway, Sonja Henie is the fifth woman in all history to receive the tribute. *Below:* Beautiful Greta Garbo never spoke that famous phrase "Ay tank ay go home."



And, though Hollywood is famous as the "movie capitol," most major moving picture studios are not situated there. The Warner Brothers-First National studios are in Burbank. The 20th Century-Fox Studios are in Westwood. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are in Culver City. Universal Studios films its pictures in Universal City.

It is, besides, strictly a "one-horse" town—believe it or not!—not only because it takes in its sidewalks at midnight, because the stars have to start work so early in the mornings, but Hollywood began with a horse. In 1870, a native son from Kansas by the name of Wilcox, who was very fond of horses, bought all of the Valley of Cahuenga to use as a pasture for his horses. He paid a dollar and a quarter an acre for it. At that time, the leading horse of the day was an English mare named "Hollywood," and the



More children are named after Shirley Temple than any other celebrity including F.D.R. George Brent is barred from his native Ireland. Spencer Tracy while in the U.S. Navy never set foot on a boat. Margaret Lindsay, an Iowa girl, convinced Hollywood she was British. William Powell caught a bat with a fishing line. Believe it or not!

When Eleanor Powell attends dances and parties she's actually a wall flower. Imagine! There is a warrant out for Mickey Mouse's arrest in Germany!

Wilcox family admired her so much that thay named their horse-pasture "Hollywood," after this horse.

Two years later, the first motion picture made in California was taken of a horse. It seems that Leland Stanford, Governor of California, got into an argument with a friend over the question of whether a trotting horse ever has all four legs off the ground at the same time. Stanford had the bright idea of settling the matter by using a photographic camera. He called in Edward Muybridge, who was an official photographer for the United States Government, and authorized him to build an apparatus on the governor's private race track at Palo Alto. This race-track now forms the Quadrangle of Stanford University. Muybridge posted twenty-four cameras along the fence and took twenty-four pictures as a horse raced past. Then he combined them into the first motion picture ever made. Yes, this showed for the first time that a horse *does have* all four hoofs off the ground at the same time. That is, any horse except Bing Crosby's—his horse seems to have trouble getting one foot off the ground!

The first movie actor was James J. Corbett. In 1894, when he was heavy-weight champion of the world, he and Pete Courtney of Newark, enacted a 6-round boxing contest for the screen. This was the first star contract, and the first dramatic film. But, it was not the most curious one. In 1914, Pancho Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit, for $25,000 or a 25 per cent share in the movie royalties, agreed to *start a new war.* Moreover, he promised to fight all his battles in good photographing daylight, and to grant exclusive rights to the Mutual Film Company of America.

He was a shrewd business man and showed more foresight in that deal than Thomas Edison did on one occasion. Edison was the inventor of the Kinetiscope, the grandfather of the modern movie projector. In 1891, it was suggested that he take out foreign [*Continued on page* 58]

Mixing Romance with Business

By

Miriam Rogers

ANY stenographer knows better than to fall in love with her boss. Young movie players, too, know that there is no room for love in business, that the two just won't mix. The studio moguls warn them, their best friends tell them, but—!

The answer may be human nature, propinquity, what have you, but the fact remains that a good many exceptions prove this particular unwritten law of office and of studio.

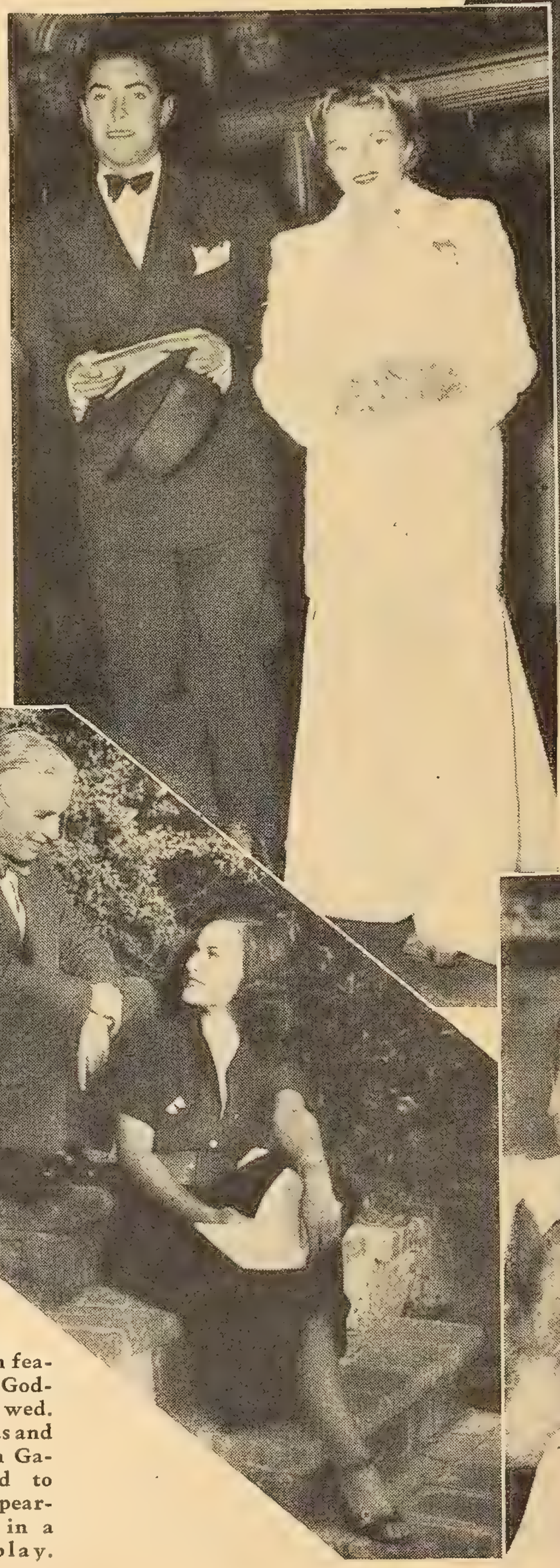
Virginia Bruce, for instance. She had broken the rule once by falling in love with her leading man, handsome Jack Gilbert. Her marriage to that romantic, temperamental actor was like a half-forgotten dream, but nothing was further from Virginia's mind than marrying or falling in love again, until she went on location for the making of *Bad Man of Brimstone* with Wally Beery. The skillful, understanding work of the director, J. Walter Rubin (Virginia calls him Sonny), combined with long walks and long talks under the desert moon aroused her interest in him. And presently she knew that, for better or worse, she had fallen in love with her boss.

Nowadays Virginia, who goes as quietly about the business of being wife and mother as she does about being a glamorous movie star, has the added warmth and glow of dreams-come-true in her wide blue eyes.

In Myrna Loy's case, the story's happy ending was not so easily and quickly reached. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was married when they first met. He had not been happy in that marriage, had indeed long been separated from his wife, but it was several years before he achieved his freedom. In the meantime, his interest in the slant-eyed, provocative young girl whose talents he had recognized beneath her continuous miscasting never wavered.

Yes, it was Hornblow who first discovered the real Myrna,





Clark Gable fell in love with Carole Lombard while making a picture with her. *Left:* The same thing recently happened with Tyrone Power and Annabella, the lovely French star.



Charlie Chaplin featured Paulette Goddard and they wed. Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Helen Gahagan, decided to marry while appearing together in a Broadway play.



Is it wise to fall in love with someone with whom you work?

neath her Oriental make-up, and *The evil to Pay,* directed by Hornblow, was r first sympathetic part.

Myrna claims a debt of gratitude to veral who helped her in her upward urse—Rudolph Valentino, E. H. Grif-h, the director, Henry Waxman, the otographer who first revealed the pho-genic qualities of her piquant face. What felt for Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was nething that had for a long time to be enderly nourished secret but that now the foundation of one of Hollywood's ppiest marriages and a most satisfac-y way of life.

How to have a career and be happily rried at the same time is charmingly monstrated by Myrna, who believes in ping her private and professional lives irely separate, and who manages to ify the ideal American wife on the een and even more so in the lovely rambling house and gardens of her hillside home outside of Hollywood.

Sometimes it is a bright combination of star and star, sometimes star and agent, sometimes, as above, star and director, that has proven that neither the studios nor the maxim-founders of other businesses know all there is to know on the subject of love. Or perhaps it is just one more proof that love is where you find it and no rules can be laid down or kept.

Miriam Hopkins married Anatole Litvak immediately after he had directed her in *The Woman I Love,* in which she played opposite Paul Muni. Charles Boyer, then a newcomer to this shore, speaking little English, homesick and unhappy in new surroundings, fell head over heels in love with a little English actress, Pat Paterson, a contract player at Fox where he was making *Caravan.* Three weeks later they slipped away to the desert and were married. Charles Chaplin saw Paulette Goddard in a Goldwyn chorus, featured her in *Modern Times.* After previous unhappy experiences of

been chatelaine of the Chaplin menage, has mothered his two boys and now, at the beginning of a new career on the screen, boldly signs herself "Mrs. Charles Chaplin." The marriage has been tested by time and she and Chaplin are no longer afraid to risk their happiness by public acknowledgment of it.

Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor met just prior to the filming of *His Brother's Wife* and the long and satisfactory course of a friendship ripening into love and, perhaps, marriage began. They, too, faced many difficulties and were reluctant, until recently, to take the public in on their plans.

Cupid in overalls supervised Dick Powell's courtship of Joan Blondell. Both worked for the same film studio and were starred together in several musicals. Both stoutly denied all rumors of impending matrimony and film gossips wavered between reports of immediate marriage and devastating quarrels. The truth of the matter is that the shipwreck of Joan's previous marriage had badly broken her up and Dick's sympathy and understanding guided her over the rough spots into the safe harbor of his love for her and for her little son.

But added to the difficulties of courtship under the glaring Klieg lights was the brighter light of publicity. For weeks reporters and fan writers made Joan's and Dick's lives miserable and their final effort at subterfuge in booking separate passages on the S. S. Paula in September 1936 did them little good. They were married as soon as the boat sailed but word had leaked out and reporters besieged them before they left and made a Roman holiday [*Continued on page* 64]

Life, at first, was unkind, ...ut Bob Hope kept smiling

By Gene Harvey





Bob Hope with Martha Raye on a set at Paramount during the filming of "Never Say Die." Oddly enough, the title is more than true of Bob's early stage days.

A personable guy, this Hope, though h... no stretch of the imagination one of th... handsome boys; certainly not in his ow... opinion. He'll tell you that when he mad... his first screen test—for Pathe, son... years ago—his chin beat him to th... screen by five minutes. And if that ge... a laugh he'll explain how funny ... thought it was that they sent him into th... projection room by himself to see th... test and he discovered it was becau... nobody else could stand another exposu... to the test. Warming from that poi... he'll mention that the projectionists wo... gas masks when they ran it off, and th... the Pathe rooster never crowed agai... he was too discouraged. None of his tri... could ever lay an egg like Hope's!

That's to a great extent the secret—... though it's hardly a secret—of Hop... popularity. He's brash, glib and somewh... cocky. He's no Hamlet off screen, savi... all his gags for working hours, nor do... he depend entirely on his writers for l... laughs. Irrepressible and liable to bre... into a routine at any moment, there's o... thing that takes any curse off his coc... ness: a good majority of Hope's ga... and ad lib wisecracks are on himself. A... that doesn't mean merely working up

few snappers in which he is the goat. It's entirely obvious that Hope likes to clown, and that he doesn't take himself seriously. Comedy is fun to him, unlike the comic who claimed his gags were no laughing matter.

On the set the company laughs at Hope. He has a nimble wit, and, like many wisecrackers, he has his associates at the point where they start to laugh as soon as he opens his mouth—whether he's funny or not. And he loves it. Besides, most of the time he *is* funny, and he can ad lib with the best. There was the time back during the filming of "Thanks For the Memory," during a scene at a table with Shirley Ross, when Shirley accidentally struck a spoon against a glass which rang out with a bell-like note. "My Gawd," Hope cracked, "there's one bell from Fidler already"!



During his high school days, Bob took dancing lessons. He later did a blackface and dancing act in vaudeville. He's seen tripping the light fantastic here with Shirley Ross who appears with him in "Some Like It Hot."



Bob loves dogs if they're large. Loves golf, if his score is small. He's an amateur camera fiend, too.

And even when the gag is not an informal wisecrack, Hope doesn't follow the prevalent custom among comics of jealously guarding a gag until it can be used professionally. He'll tell a friend his latest—just for a laugh, secure in the belief that there are always more where that one came from. And there usually are.

Gag stealing, however, is anathema to Bob. When he uses someone else's gag he'll always say: "Have you heard Benny's crack," or "did you hear Cantor tell about . . ." Hope and Milton Berle had a classic feud for awhile, over Milton's alleged "lifting" propensities. And it was back when Hope and Berle were headlining at rival theatres on Broadway that he coined the classic phrase about Berle, stimulated by hearing that Milton was using one of his best lines. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, Berle," he announced, disposing of Berle.

But he can play a romantic scene, and play it straight. It's true that until a moment before the cameras begin rolling, and the moment they stop, Hope may—and probably will—break into the mood of the scene with a gag or flip remark, but nobody minds that much, except maybe the director, or a leading lady trying to keep a straight face.

It's Bob's contention that comedians are born, not made. No one, he claims, starts out to be a comic. Will Rogers, Jack Benny, W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor, all began in some other entertainment field and went into comedy when they found audiences would laugh at them. And Hope was no exception. Born in London, he was brought to Cleveland, Ohio, at an early age and began his work-aday career as a clerk in the old Chandler Motor Car Co., though he disclaims that as the reason for Chandler's dissolution. With three other youngsters he formed a quartette and they used to stay after hours and practice. Bob, too, would sing and try out lines of patter into the boss' dictaphone. A lapse of memory that left one of the records on the machine when the boss came in the next morning may have had something to do with Hope's getting fired. Anyway, the main reason they kept him as long as they did was because he made a good entertainer and M.C. at salesmen's meetings.

Before this, Bob's only professional training had been a few dancing lessons during high-school days. When the teacher left and gave up the school Bob took over, keeping one jump ahead of his pupils, until he went to work for Chandler.

He did some amateur prize fighting, too, but after a couple of times he discovered that leading with the chin was poor technique and quit. Then he teamed up with George Byrnes and did a blackface and dancing act, working for the late Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle who was making a personal appearance in Cleveland.

[*Continued on page* 62]

Hollywood on Holiday



Judy Garland combined business with pleasure while in New York. Her personal appearances did not interfere with her seeing the sights. And her Fifth Avenue shopping. And seeing friends.

IN THE brilliant sunshine of a warm spring day a large crowd surged around the entrance to the Sherry Netherland Hotel in New York, and even spilled over in great numbers to line the opposite side of the street. For the "Queen was in her Castle" and about to leave for lunch. And certainly no Queen could have had more devoted attention than Joan Crawford had while she was in town. In odd contrast I saw Franchot Tone five minutes later walking down Fiftieth Street absolutely unnoticed and unrecognized. He turned into a little flower shop looking anything but cheerful. That night he had supper, after his play, and danced with his about-to-be ex-wife at a night club for the benefit of the news photographers and the tabloids. Their friends said that that evening was studio managed publicity and he would have been happy to have avoided it. They didn't appear publicly together again during the rest of her visit.

At the Colony, "21," the Stork Club or wherever she went there were crowds waiting to see her. She came to El Morocco one night looking unbelievably beautiful. It was fascinating to watch her sip pink champagne that was almost a color to match her hair. Outside it had begun to rain heavily and Bennie, the doorman, reported that ten or twelve youngsters were standing huddled in doorways against the rain waiting for a glimpse of their idol. John Perona, Morocco's genial owner, had a side entrance to the place

Irene Dunne sups with Mrs. James A. Farley *(left)*, Beth Leary *(right)* and their escorts. Irene's hubby disappeared at the very first sight of the camera.

Alice Faye feels right at home in Gotham where she has just as many friends as in Hollywood. Her brother Bill accompanied her on a tour of the night spots.





Right: Jerome Zerbe took several poses of Merle Oberon before she left for London and Alexander Korda. She won't return to America until Christmas. She wants to rest.

Whirling around with the screen stars as they visit Manhattan

By Jerome Zerbe

opened and after inviting them inside sent them hot coffee. By one-thirty in the morning when Miss Crawford was ready to leave there were about thirty people waiting for her. As she left they all came into the main hallway and she chatted with them as though they were old friends. She told them she was going on to Reubens and they hurried out through the rain to get there before she did. I asked one of them how they knew where she could be each day and he said they were all members of her fan club and were told by the studio when she was arriving, and after that she herself told them her daily plans. They were like a guard of honor to make even more gala her comings and goings.

Franchot Tone's and Sylvia Sidney's play, "The Gentle People," is such a success that they are going to find it difficult to get away from it and back to the movies.

No one could have captured the heart of New York as much as Judy Garland did. Her completely natural charm, her good manners and her interest in other people made a great hit. She thought Katharine Hepburn was great in her play, "The Philadelphia Story," and enjoyed "Stars in Your Eyes" best of all the musicals. She made seven appearances a day at the State Theatre and with unbounded energy managed to shop and see all the sights before going off on tour.

Arthur Treacher, who was East for Tommy Riggs' broadcast, tried to see all his favorite spots in two nights. Beginning with dinner at Ostermans the first night, and with Mrs. Charles Bellamy as a companion, he took in the Bill Gaxton musical hit "Leave It to Me," then went on to Lou Richman's,. the Onxy Club, Jack White's, Club "18" and finally Morocco. He's just as funny in real life as he is on the screen [*Continued on page* 77]

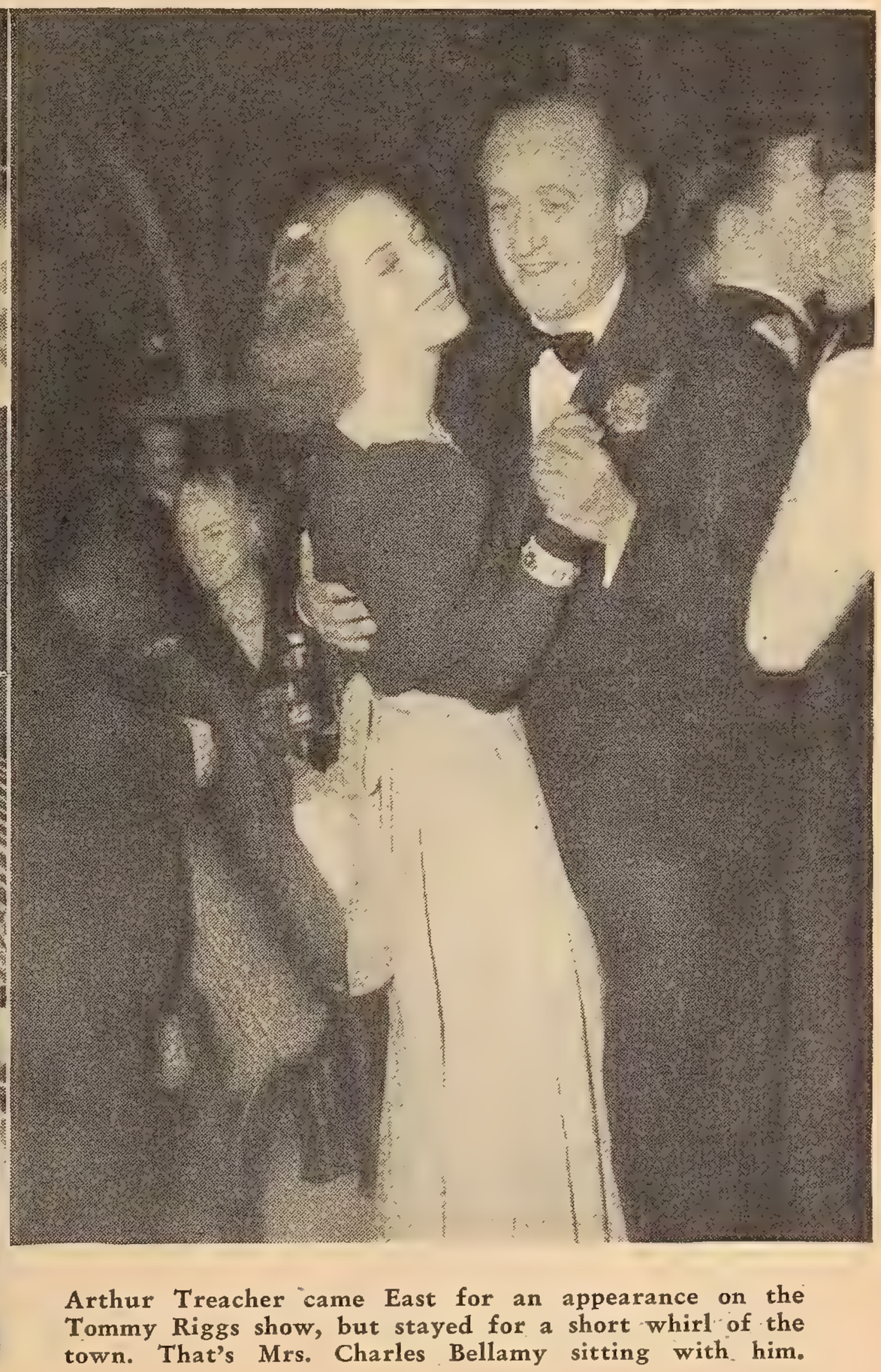


An exceptionally good candid shot of Bruce Cabot. He's more interested in horses than in pictures. Spends lots of time in the hunting circles of Virginia.

No one could have had more devoted attention than Joan Crawford during her recent holiday in Manhattan. Her partner is Stanley Kahn, an old friend.



Gloria Swanson at El Morocco, dining in queenly fashion. No matter how many birthdays she has, Gloria is always surrounded with a bevy of admirers.



Arthur Treacher came East for an appearance on the Tommy Riggs show, but stayed for a short whirl of the town. That's Mrs. Charles Bellamy sitting with him.

All beautiful blondes don't rely on their physical charm

By Elizabeth Wilson

Madeleine is not to be *Misunderstood*



She's loads of fun and has a keen sense of humor. She enjoys good food, as does Fred MacMurray. Believes you can have your cake and eat it, too.

JUST the other day I returned from my annual bender in New York City—another bromo seltzer, if you *please*—and I feel that I can speak with authority on all things Eastern, such as, oysters, Sixth Avenue Subway, Brenda Frazier, and visiting movie stars. Now time was, and only a couple of years ago, when I could dine out in New York for weeks, and well too, on Myrna Loy. I tossed in bits of Myrna with the canapés and the soup, and a whole chunk of Loy with the roast beef, and young men fairly hung on my lips—though don't get the idea that I am the Ubangi type.

Knowing how fickle the public is I was prepared to dine out this year on Hedy Lamarr, so for weeks before my vacation I boned on Hedy, and I was prepared to give out with the best Lamarr prittle prattle that has ever come out of Hollywood. But imagine my amazement, my complete bafflement, my utter horror, when I discovered that everyone wanted to hear

Madeleine likes down-to-earth people. She hates affectation. Her own life, which hasn't always been glamorous, she thinks has made her tolerant and understanding of all human faults.

about Madeleine Carroll! Now I don't know Madeleine Carroll. The minute she finishes a picture she ducks out of Hollywood for Europe. She rarely makes Louella's column—and well, you know how it is —we just don't pay much attention to Madeleine Carroll out Hollywood way. Not even in my wildest imaginings could I claim to be a friend of Madeleine Carroll's. So I lost ten pounds.

When the twentieth young man asked me if I knew Madeleine Carroll and what she was like, and I said no I didn't, and he said "So long, toots, I'll be seeing you," and me practicallly starving, I knew that if I ever lived to get back to Hollywood I would do something about Madeleine Carroll. I'd never be caught short on Carroll again. So hardly had I taken off my hat and unpacked my bags before I had a studio call in for that lady of looks, Miss Madeleine Carroll.

Miss Carroll, I discovered over a series of cups of coffee—like Barbara Stanwyck she's one of those chain coffee drinkers—is definitely unfair to American Womanhood and I shall have her picketed when I get around to it. She is much too pretty. She has the biggest blue eyes West of the Rockies, the kind of clear satiny complexion that women pray for, and beautiful blonde wavy hair that never has to be touched up—a natural blonde if I ever saw one. She uses medium nail polish, wears a lot of blue to match those peepers (she's no dope) and carries saccharine in her cigarette case, which has a big "M" done in sapphires on it. Her handshake is rather disappointing, being a bit on the apathetic side. She has that kind of charming, ingratiating politeness found only in English actresses and Hedy Lamarr.

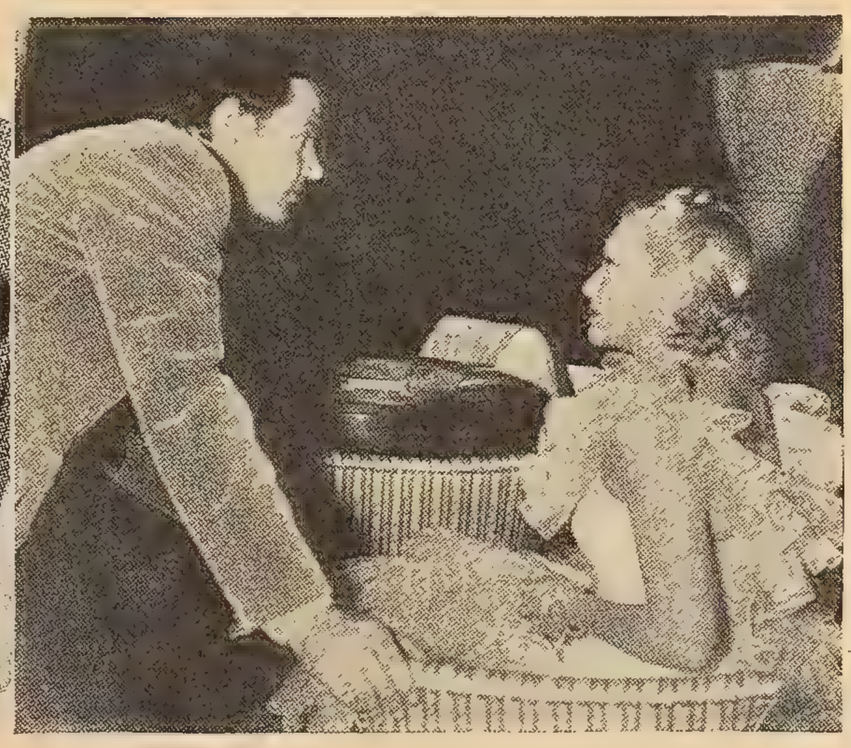
The afternoon I met Madeleine she had just come from a session with a four year old child prodigy, and was at life's lowest ebb. "Coffee," she said at once. "Tons of it." There is nothing, I have found in Hollywood, that depresses an adult actor as much as a child actor. Those precocious little cutie-pies can really try the patience of a saint. In the New Hollywood, which I shall organize following the collapse of the Old Hollywood, there shall be no smarty pants child stars, with their sickening sophistication and snobbishness. "I did have to admire her frankness though," Madeleine said, sipping her coffee. "She said what I have often thought. The director told her not to look at the camera, to look at Miss Carroll. 'What if I get tired of looking at Miss Carroll?' she said. Then she turned to me and said, 'I think you mug too much.' Oh, she is a very *nice* little girl." Maybe it was my imagination, but I think I definitely noted traces of homicide in the Carroll voice.

"There was a line in the script," Madeleine continued, "I am supposed to say which reads, 'You make me feel like an old bag of potatoes.' Well, really now, no woman wants to be called an old bag, not even in a script, so I changed it to read, 'an old sack of potatoes.' But do you know when I did that line in the scene, that child, that—well that child, turned to me and said 'old bag.' More coffee, please."

Well, all I've got to say is that it is a good thing that Madeleine Carroll is a peace-loving soul or there might just happen to be one less child prodigy in Hollywood. Not that anyone would care.

As soon as [*Continued on page* 68]







Above: Chatting with Joel McCrea on the set. There isn't a subject she doesn't discuss intelligently. She's especially interested in world affairs and diplomacy. Her large blue eyes and natural golden hair are the envy of all actresses, yet she's the most camera-shy of the Hollywood stars.

MARRIAGES

IN HEAVEN—



His publicity counsel may have had other plans, but Doug Fairbanks, Jr., married a girl of his own choosing, Mary Lee Epling Hartford. *Right:* They tried hard to start a romance between Michael Whelan and Sonja Henie, but it didn't click. So they tried Tyrone Power.



Warners had a very special romance campaign for glamorous Gloria Dickson. But no matter how much publicity it meant to her, she loved Perc Westmore, make-up artist, and married him.

MARRIAGES, they say, are made in Heaven and this is a matter of considerable chagrin to the publicity departments of Hollywood's major and minor studios, because they have been trying to muscle-in on Dan Cupid's territory for years. The latest setbacks to the publicity men have been provided by Tyrone Power, who married Annabella, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who married the ex-Mrs. Hartford. Robert Taylor's affection for Barbar Stanwyck is another admonition to the publicity poohbahs that Love is a quality too complex to be compressed within the cylinders of a mimeograph machine, and when Hedy Lamarr became Mrs. Gene Markey, the publicity purveyors felt much as Tony Galento will feel after Joe Louis lands that first left hook.

To understand the mechanics of Love in the movie colony, you must first take the machine apart and see how it works, and you must realize that it is powered by publicity. For instance, when Sonja Henie arrived in Hollywood, it was vital that the studio get out as much publicity on her as possible. They sent out pictures of her and got interviews galore, but there was a certain coldness to all of this that was as chilly as her native ice. Missing from the publicity set-up was Romance, Love, a Tug at the Heartstrings, so the publicity men who operate under astute Harry Brand set about to remedy the defect.

"We can, in a manner of speaking," suggested one publicity man, "kill two birds with one stone." Brand interposed a negative, pointing out that while he had no great scruples against grouse-hunting, he was more interested in publicizing Miss Henie than he was in killing two birds, or even three birds. "I mentioned the bird casualties only in a figurative sense," explained his subordinate. "I meant to say that we could do a double job. We not only can bring the warm, roseate



ARE MADE NOT PUBLICITY OFFICES

By Ed Sullivan



glow of love into Sonja's life, but at the same time we can light up every bristle in the moustache of Michael Whalen so that it resembles a torch that will blaze through the country."

Brand nodded eagerly. "We will have Sonja fall in love with Michael Whalen, and we will have Whalen fall in love with Sonja, and thus ballyhoo two of the brightest starlets on the Zanuck payroll."

That is the way it started. You read thereafter in the columns from Hollywood and the fan magazines that Miss Henie was being seen in this and that nightclub, and at this and that premiere, with Michael Whalen. You did not read that the studio was supplying them with an expense account and that the orchids which Sonja received from him and wore in public all were expense account items. You did not hear of this because it would have curdled your interest, but nevertheless it happened.

Whalen however did not measure up to the rôle of off-screen lover. He lacked the dynamite that a pseudo-Romeo must have. So the studio and Sonja started hunting up another escort. They struck upon a chap who was getting $150 a week. His name was Tyrone Power. And so Sonja and Tyrone went through the motions of an off-the-screen attachment. They were photographed, the columns reported the new romance and, pretty soon, it bore the desired fruit. The fans started asking theatre managers why Sonja and Tyrone could not be paired together in a picture. The theatre managers wired in their reports to the Coast. Before the fans could say Jack Robinson, they had "Thin Ice," with Sonja and Tyrone together. The film made a lot of money. Romance always is a powerful box-office factor.

Unfortunately, these publicity-powered romances never progress beyond the publicity stage. The answer is that Tyrone married Annabella. He had met the charming little Frenchie while they were making "Suez," and it developed into a four-alarm blaze.

Quite a few of the real romances of the Hollywood colony develop from just such chance meetings in pictures. Joel McCrea met Frances Dee while they were making "The Silver Cord" at RKO, and it flared into a real love match. Clark Gable and Carole Lombard were first thrown

[*Continued on page* 76]







Left: **Some thought the Tony Martin-Alice Faye marriage was a publicity stunt, but they were wrong. It was true love.** ***Center:*** **They cooked up twenty romances for Errol Flynn, but he stepped out and married Lili Damita.** ***Below:*** **Joel McCrea fell in love with Frances Dee while they were making "The Silver Cord," and they married.**

How I Got That Way





Bob Montgomery's impatient "t" crosses indicate a quick temper. Right—Joan Blondell in a scene from "East Side of Heaven" with Bing Crosby. Joan's handwriting shows a very generous nature.

Joan Blondell

Robert Montgomery

IT ISN'T what you write—it's *how* you write that tells the story.

With Joan Crawford, for instance: She was waiting in her little Colonial-dressing-room-on-wheels to do a retake for "Ice Follies" when I showed her the graphologist's report. "You mean," said Joan, "he found out all that about me just from my signature? It's amazing. As if he had been right there on a good many occasions."

From three thousand miles away in New York Mr. Humphries, who had never met Joan, wrote: It is not easy to associate the Joan Crawford of the screen with the woman who comes out in her writing.

Although her long lower loops denote the physical energy we can recognize and the slope—which tends to the right—points to a warm, affectionate nature, the final letters of her last name descend noticeably. This shows a constant struggle against depression and a certain consequent timidity.

"Maybe," mused Joan, "my final letters started going down like that after I'd spent four years working in a Kansas City school kitchen to earn an education. Finally they let me attend a dance. I was so timid entering a roomful of people that I tripped and hurt my foot. I danced all evening on a sprained ankle. Even today it takes all my courage to attend a large party. That's why I'd so much rather be with just a few good friends."

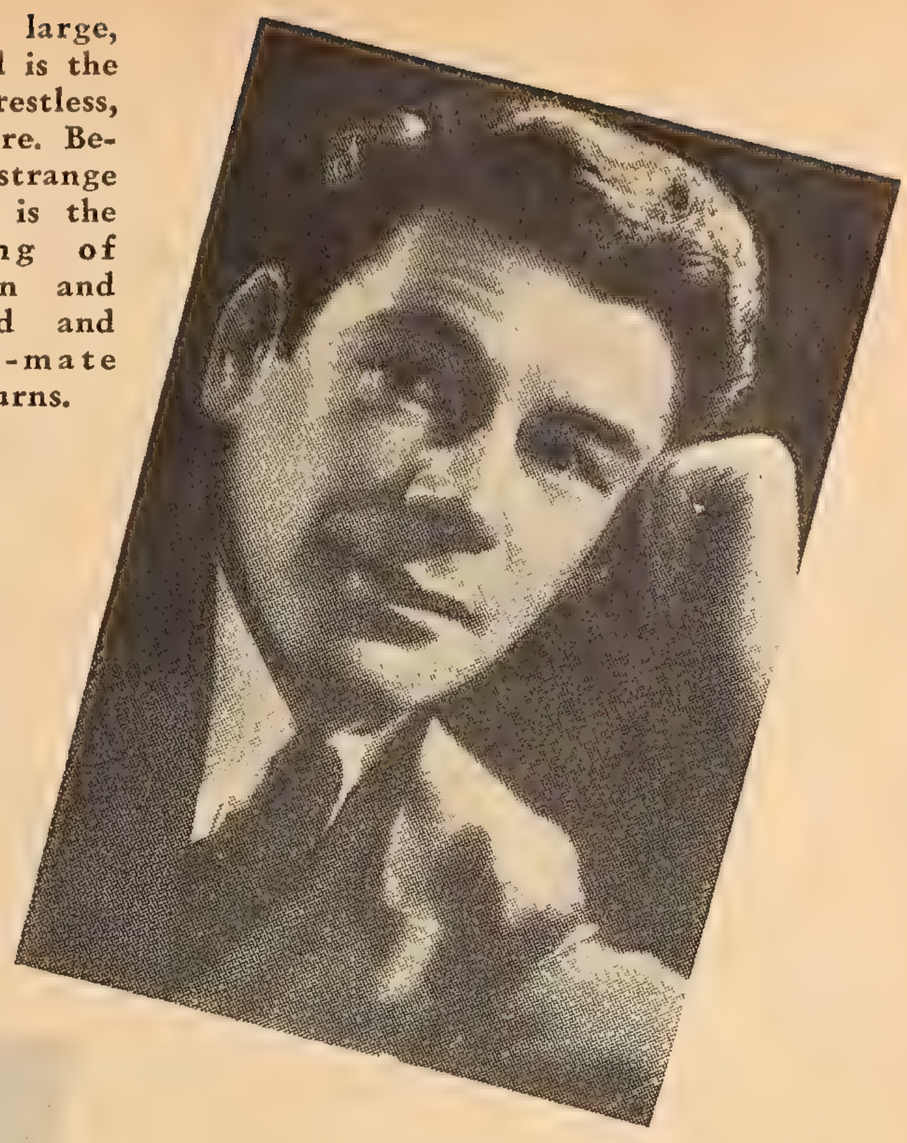
That sensitiveness is also indicated *by the open loop on*

The handwriting of the stars reveals more about them than any biographies that might be written

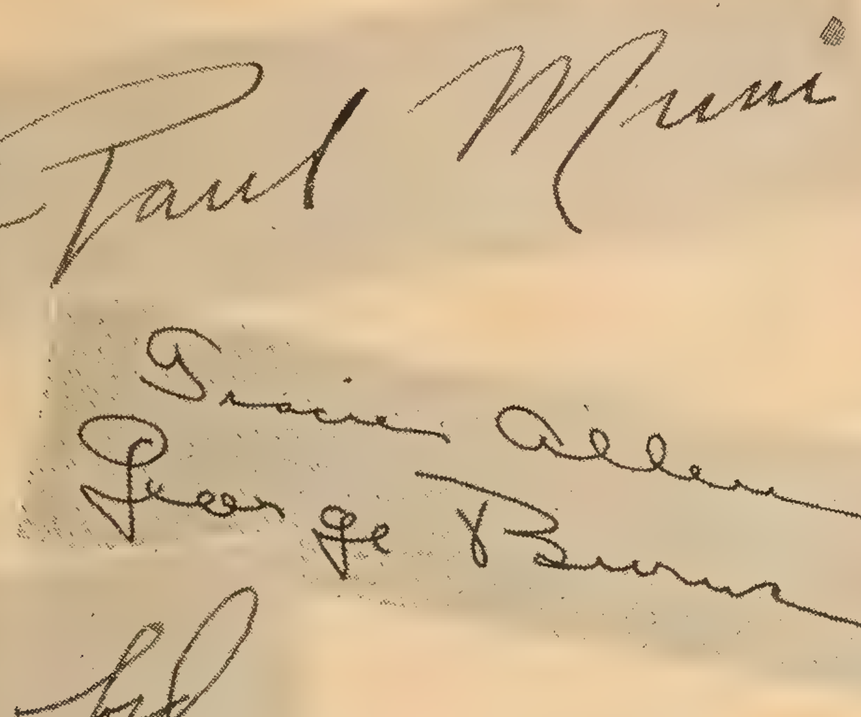
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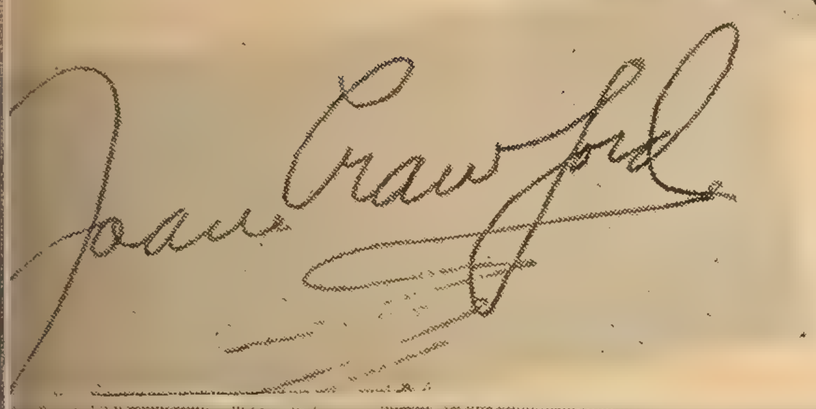
Virginia T. Lane

Paul Muni's large, flowing hand is the sign of a restless, artistic nature. Below—It is strange how similar is the handwriting of Gracie Allen and her husband and radio team-mate George Burns.



Analysis by Donald Humphries, Graphologist









her "a." The hook on the end of so many of her words is the mark of tenacity.

"I noticed that hook developed after I went on John Gilbert's set one time when he was at the top. I was an extra. I'll never forget how much his words of encouragement meant to me. I'd been on the point of running back to New York and John said, 'Stick it out. You look as if you had plenty of fight in you and that's what it takes in this business.' So I stuck. I made up my mind some day I would play opposite John Gilbert and I did."

The liberal spacing of her letters denotes broad-mindedness. She is markedly generous where her emotions are concerned and the repeated underscore to her signature reveals a peculiar combination of self-assertiveness and the constant fear of failure.

"I have never been without that fear of failure," Joan admitted. "It's the reason why I always have to have some new goal ahead, just as I have grand opera now—even though it's far off." Once, when she first started singing lessons, she got a little portable organ to take on the train with her to New York so she wouldn't miss any practicing! "Fortunately for the other passengers I had an end compartment," chuckled Joan.

No wonder her handwriting shows a dogged determination to succeed!

Robert Montgomery screwed up an eyebrow, looked at his signature, then at the analysis. [*Continued on page* 70]

Previews

Direct from the West Coast



Bette Davis and Brian Aherne in a scene from "Juarez." Brian steals the picture from Bette and Paul Muni. He gives an Academy Award performance.

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN

BING'S BEST PICTURE—*Universal*

HERE'S the best of the Bing Crosby pictures! Even better than "Sing You Sinners." In it Bing is aided and abetted by that grand actress Joan Blondell, that top-notch comedian Mischa Auer, and last but definitely not least—Baby Sandy. Baby Sandy is eleven months old, the daughter of a milkman, and was cast for the picture under the impression that she was a boy. Needless to say, she steals every scene. Bing plays a crooning telegraph messenger who loses his job when he sings a greeting to C. Aubrey Smith, a domineering old man who is having family trouble with his gay young son and daughter-in-law, Robert Kent and Irene Hervey, Baby Sandy's parents. Bing next lands a job with the Sunbeam Cab Company as a singing taxi driver, and when Baby Sandy is left in his cab the fun begins. From then on it's a mad game of hide and seek to keep cantankerous grandfather Smith from finding his "grandson," Baby Sandy. Joan Blondell is swell as a hotel switchboard operator, and it's easy to see that she and Bing both know about handling babies. Mischa Auer is nothing less than sensational as Bing's roommate who operates a sidewalk "peek at the moon" telescope. Jerome Cowan plays a nosey radio gossiper who complicates Bing's adventures. Spotted just right are Matty Malneck's "hot" orchestra, the Music Maids, Drummer Jack Powell, Jane Jones, Rose Valyda, and Helen Warner. And of course Bing croons. His best number is "East Side of Heaven," which you'll be hearing for months to come.

Left: Warner Baxter, Henry Hull and Lynn Bari in "The Return of the Cisco Kid." *Right:* James Ellison and Anne Shirley in a very tender moment from "Sorority House."

THE RETURN OF THE CISCO KID

IF YOU LIKE ROMANTIC BANDITS

—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

WARNER BAXTER once again plays the Cisco Kid—this is the third time now—and makes that famous outlaw of the Mexican border a thoroughly charming "Robin Hood." Warner rises from his grave (his pals Cesar Romero and Chris-Pin Martin saw to it that the firing squad had blank cartridges in their guns) just in time to hold up a stagecoach in which Lynn Bari and her garrulous old uncle, Henry Hull, are passengers. He falls in love with Lynn and soon finds himself acting as gallant benefactor and saving her uncle's ranch which the nasty old Sheriff, Robert Barat, is trying to steal. There's a swell scene in which the Cisco Kid outwits the Sheriff and his posse and all by his lonesome



makes them surrender to him. It's good old tongue in cheek western, pure and simple, and if you aren't too adult to like beautiful western scenery and charming romantic bandits this is right down your alley. [*Continued on page 72*]

E POINT
'H PRIDE

TO

JAMES
'TEWART

IMMY has built his tremendous pularity on the firm ndation of consist-tly fine perform-ces. No overnight isation, he has grad-lly and convincingly n his place among e few outstanding tors of filmdom.



ANNABELLA

In her, Tyrone Power found the g
of his dreams. She won the love of t
screen's most romantic player. She
to be envied. But, ah, what a luck
fellow this Tyrone is! You'll see he
in "Bridal Suite," with Robert Young

LYA LYS

Glamour in the Continental fashion. Lya was born in Germany of Russian parents. She studied dramatics in Paris, where her mother, Dr. Ina Lys, is now one of the outstanding child specialists. Warner Brothers have ambitious plans for Lya because of her brilliant work in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy."

JOHN GARFIELD

They are calling him another Paul Muni. There is no greater tribute. But his performances have been unusually inspired and he is worthy of it. Have you seen him in "Family Reunion"?

DAVID NIVEN

Charmingly adroit David, one of the many English-born actors in Hollywood, is more in demand than ever before. Not only for screen rôles, but for the social gatherings in the film colony where he is equally effective. He plays opposite Ginger Rogers in "Little Mother."



SUSAN HAYWARD

Giving her the leading feminine rôle in "Beau Geste" is Paramount's way of starting Susan with God-speed on the road to Stardom. She is one of their Golden Circle of New Faces, behind whom all the resources of the studio are to be mobilized.

IRENE DUNNE

When Irene is cast in a picture with just ordinary possibilities, the result is inevitably the same. A smash-hit is turned out. Her personality invigorates all associated with a production to greater effort. Take "Love Affair" or "Invitation to Happiness" for particular examples.

In Keeping With Spirit

Above: Her delightful dining room features a deep mahogany table set with antique buffet, filled with old English china. Brown and white drapes, with a surrealistic design, hang from the wide window overlooking the foothills of Beverly. The carpet is beige wool with fringe.

e personality of Miriam Hopkins n evidence throughout her home

By Helen Louise Walker

IRIAM HOPKINS sounded so breathless over the telephone, so terribly distressed. "I've had such a dreadful day!" she said. "Really dreadful! Could you . . . you come to see me tomorrow afternoon instead of this ng? You see . . . my husband is dying."
gasped, "Oh, my goodness!"-Anatole Litvak seemed so g, so talented.
riam went on: "His name is Ned and he dies on page 122 e script. I have eight pages of dialogue to learn about it. think we'll get him out of the way by noon tomorrow and you and I can just get together and relax and be domestic."
ll, of course, this is Hollywood and I should have known yone should. But to this day it is an amazing thing to me these people can watch lovers or husbands or mothers die orning, that they can moan and weep real, wet tears over oid tragedies and then turn up at lunch with rosy, smiling and tell you the small gossip of the studio and the newest e for peach preserves. It's too much for me, that's what

iriam was poignant as the dickens all morning in scenes The Old Maid" and an hour later we were sitting placidly r living room at home, discussing Picasso, dogs, recipes how to bring up children. Anatole Litvak wasn't even at . . . after me being so upset over the state of his health! eople ask me if ghosts don't walk in this house," Miriam "I tell them that they would have to scrape off a lot of to find even a shadow."
r the house, you see, used to belong to John Gilbert. It is on top of a high hill, rather like a lighthouse, and it ooks vistas of lush valley, a strip of cactus-tangled desert a section of luxuriously landscaped and manicured Beverly . There were those who thought [*Continued on page* 74]



One of the most beautiful homes in Beverly Hills is that of Miriam Hopkins and her husband, Anatole Litvak. It's on Tower Road and formerly was owned by John Gilbert. It's a crisp, modern, tailored house, where you'd imagine Miriam would live.



***Left*: In her modern, ultra-smart bedroom, Miriam has an especially designed bed which is ten feet wide. It has a turquoise blue spread with rug to match. Carpeting to the walls is beige, as are the large arm chair, boudoir bench and pouff which are trimmed in blue and chartreuse. The lamp stands are bamboo, the drapes beige, blue and chartreuse plaid. *Below*: The patio-pavilion beside the swimming pool. It has bamboo furniture with white linen cushions trimmed in blue, with blue and white pillows. The floor is blue tile.**



Just What Is It About Loretta?





By Leon Surmelian

What is the secret of Loretta's peculiarly potent appeal to the male contingent of our film-going citizenry? Why do men see in her the girl of their dreams and memories?

Why do men fall so completely in love with her?



MEN carry in their hearts an idealized image of the tender sex. It is based on memories and unsatisfied longings of the teen age, traceable to love's first awakening in them.

Loretta personifies the lost sweetheart of every man. And aren't these lost sweethearts the most beautiful and exquisite and *understanding* girls that ever lived?

Boys in knee-pants grow up to become doctors, engineers, captains of industry, truck drivers. And enshrined in their hearts is a cherished vision of womanhood whose likeness they seek in every woman they meet, make love to, marry. If it were possible to draw a composite picture of these lost sweethearts of men, the girls men can never forget, it would look, I am sure, very much like Loretta Young. We really live in memory. We love most truly in memory, too. The remembrance of a pair of eyes or lips, of a kiss or caress, surpasses the pleasure they have actually given us, no matter how keen.

When I first saw Loretta, several years ago at a cocktail party in Beverly Hills, I wondered, *Who is she? I know her, I've met her somewhere before.* I had met her nowhere; I had never known her. I had not even seen her on the screen. But she makes a man feel like that. And this is the secret of her peculiarly potent appeal to the male contingent of our film going citizenry. They recognize in her the girl of their dreams and memories.

This does not mean that she is less popular with women. Every girl, at least every American girl, can see her true, inner- [*Continued on page* 78]







Loretta has had many boyfriends. 1. Joseph Mankiewicz, movie executive. 2. George Brent. 3. David Niven. 4. Bernard Newman. 5. Loretta with Director Eddie Sutherland. 6. Randy Scott. 7. William P. Buckner, Jr., to whom Loretta allegedly was engaged. 8. Spencer Tracy. You can't blame the boys for falling in love with Loretta. She typifies the perfect sweetheart.

Gloria Dickson, the lovely Warner Brothers' star currently playing in "Waterfront," is modeling a Grecian dinner gown from her own personal wardrobe. It is of artichoke green chiffon, in an all-over pleating, with a narrow self-fabric belt. A mass of fuchsia flowers form a very colorful corsage.



For dancing under the stars Gloria dons this quaint frock of soft ivory-toned cotton sprigged with red roses. Four bands of black velvet ribbon catch the shirring above the waist and tie in long loops, while sheer black lace edges the top of the square cut bodice and forms the shoulder straps.



Fashion

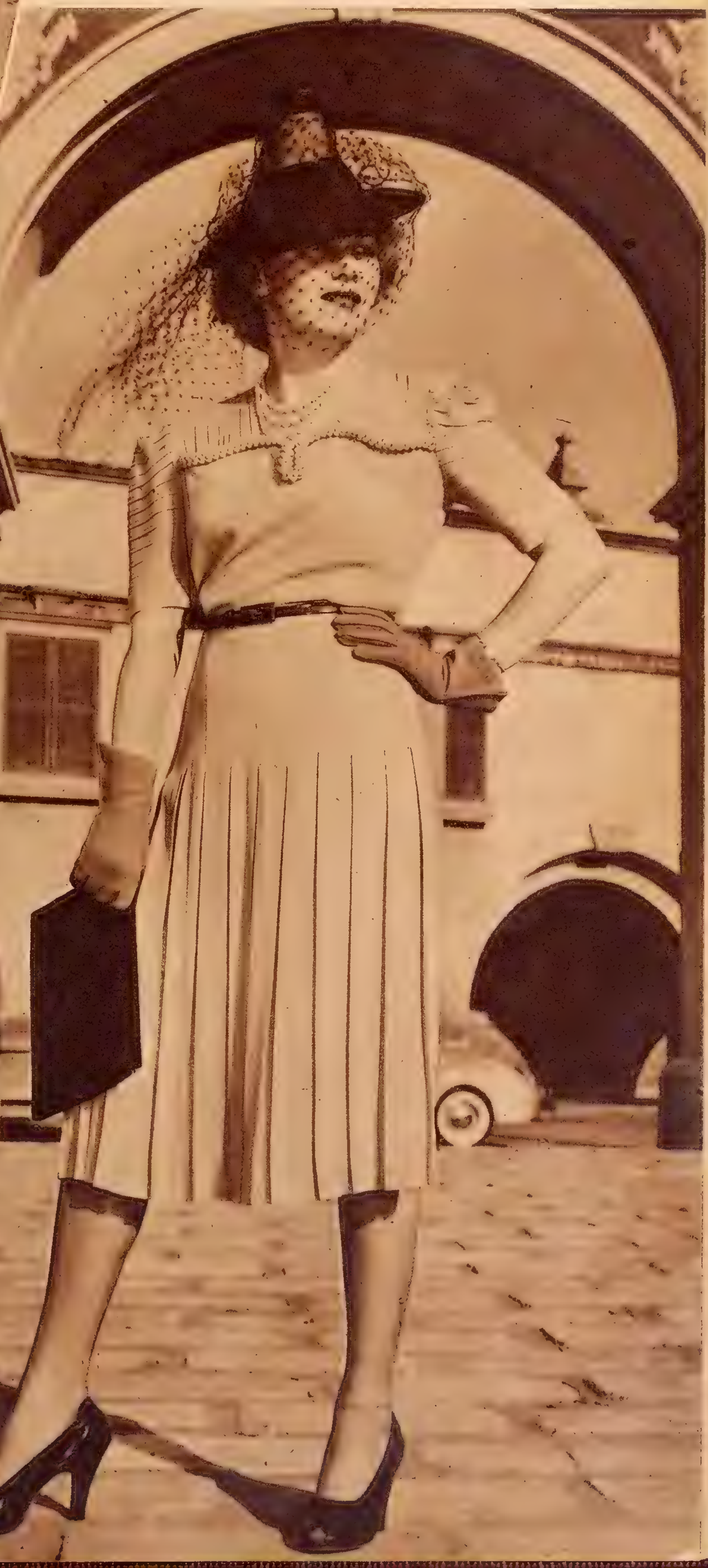
for the World's Fairest



bove—Gloria wears a stunning bolero costume that ould be "just the thing" for that busy day at e Fair. The blouse and extremely flared skirt e of navy and grey checked silk, and the navy ue jacket is lined with the checked fabric, with e collar, revers and cuffs carrying on the same heme. With this ensemble she wears a rough hite straw hat with navy quills, and navy shoes.

ALTHOUGH summer-time is always considered to be play-time, many girls are forced to spend the warm in town, with just an occasional jaunt to yside inn for luncheon or dinner. Casual es are seldom required by this type, and er we have illustrated on these two pages evening gowns that can be worn with l confidence in both city or country, and daytime costumes that would be as much lace at the breakfast table as they would or late dining. (On the following two s you will find fashions for ardent sun-hippers.)

For informal dining and dancing, Gloria favors this soft grey crepe dress showing intricate detail in pleating at the yoke and sleeves. The skirt has inverted pleats stitched down over the hips. Her shiny black straw chapeau is trimmed with bright red grosgrain ribbon, matching her doeskin gloves, and a gracefully draped black veil.



Water Babies

These three Hollywood starlets are going to be right in the swim of things in their smartly cut suits.



Left—Peggy Carroll, who does a bit of dancing in "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," looks charming in this flared swim suit of yellow wool, striped in dark brown with shoulder straps to match. The brief, short-sleeved bolero of the same material protects the shoulders from the sun and adds a "dress-up" note when Peggy finishes her swim.





Kay Sutton, who is also in th delightful Castle picture, is wea ing a figure molding suit brilliant yellow fashioned fro novelty-ribbed wool, accente with wide brown shoulder strap

Left—A two-pieced suit of ribbed wool in royal blue, showing a generous bit of mid-riff, is beautiful Dorothy Lovett's choice. Dorothy will soon be seen in "The Dove."

All suits by B.V.D.

fter the *Swim*

Right—Irene Hervey's cover-all beach coat is of natural bubble crash, with a deep patch pocket to carry first aids to beauty. A striking contrast is achieved by the wide marine blue band that trims the bottom of the skirt. An attached hood comes in mighty handy when the sun gets too hot. Irene's gold-trimmed sandals are of white linen with cork soles and heels.

Looking like a Mexican senorita, Sally Eilers relaxes in this multi-colored beach or garden dress, with its full Gypsy blouse and wide striped skirt.





ROBERT TAYLOR

During the filming of "Lucky Night," with Myrna Loy, two of Bob's constant visitors on the set were his champion boxer dogs.

LANA TURNER

With the expert guidance of which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is so capable, Lana may become one of the screen's favorite actresses. She has all of the qualities for box-office success. Her latest appearance is with Lew Ayres in "Calling Dr. Kildare."



Alice Faye and Tyrone Power in a scene from "Rose of Washington Square," in which Al Jolson also appears. The première had an especial significance.

THE première of "Rose of Washington Square" took place in the sumptuous Roxy Theatre in New York City on May 5th. The opening was especially significant to both Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. May 5th is their birthday. So, naturally, it was a particularly gala première for Alice and Tyrone in more ways than one.

What made it all the more exciting for Alice was having the opening right in New York City, where she was born. In fact, Alice lived and worked not far from the Roxy Theatre.

Tyrone Power was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, but spent a good deal of time in New York because of his father's theatrical career.

In case you're interested, Alice was 24 on the 5th and Tyrone was 25.



Cause for Celebration



Miriam Hopkins with Bette Davis in a scene from "The Old Maid."

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

By S. R. Mook

WHILE spring is in the air and the odor of honeysuckle fills every gulch for miles around, I think: "The studios will be in the throes of spring fever and I'll have an easy time of it this month." But when I get to—

Warner Brothers

DISMAY grips me. They're going right along making pictures as though they had never heard of Recession, Income Tax, Surtax or *Ennui.*

Right on the first stage is a problem play called "The Old Maid" and starring Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins and George Brent.

"It's almost the first day of shooting," Bette explains when I bust in. "Miriam and I have been getting married for the past few days and it's so exciting. This is the first time on or off screen I've ever worn a real wedding dress. Believe me, it's a thrill. Doesn't Miriam look beautiful?" she adds irrelevantly.

Then the director calls them for a scene. They apparently made the wedding scene first and now they're making the scene that precedes it. Miriam has just got a telegram from her old sweetheart (George Brent) announcing his arrival and the wire has sort of taken the starch out of her.

"Clem!" she wails to Bette, showing her the wire, "and he doesn't know!"

"No," Bette agrees. "How could he know?"

"What is the time now?" Miriam hurries on. "I couldn't see him—I can't!"

"Someone must see him," Bette mutters, as if to herself. "Poor Clem."

"How can you say 'poor Clem' like that?" Miriam bridles. "I waited two years—"

"There's no time to lose," Bette interrupts.

"We'll send a messenger to meet the train," Miriam begins. "We'll send a note." She rises, crosses to the desk, and then turns to Bette. "My hands are too shaky to write it. *You* write it."

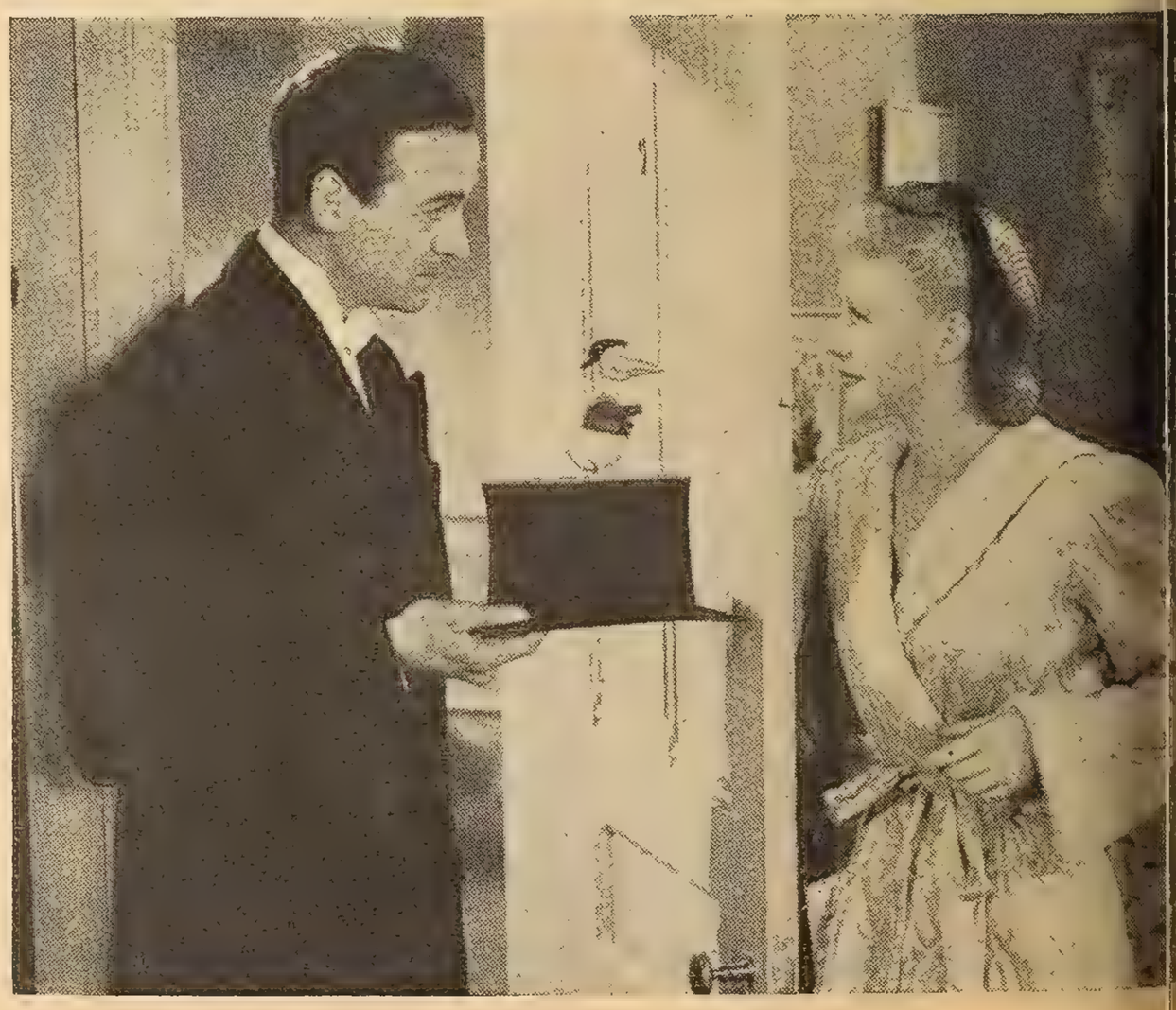
"No," says Bette. "I won't write it. I'll go!"

I have a hunch that Bette is secretly in love with George—again. And I also have a hunch that George may have had something to do with a not very legitimate child that Bette has acquired before the picture starts.

"Complimenting you on your performances is beginning to sound like a worn-out record that I keep playing over and over," I tell her when the scene is finished, "but I saw 'Dark Victory' the other night and sensational is the only word that describes you."

"Thanks, Dick," she replies simply and





The gentleman with the hat is David Niven and the lady at the door, Ginger Rogers. It's a scene from "Little Mother."

Visits to the various studios to see what pictures are in the making

then adds apologetically, "It's the first time I've been satisfied with anything I've done since 'Of Human Bondage'—and that part played itself."

"Then you're not human," I retort. "Perhaps all your pictures haven't been as good as you'd like them to be but I defy you to show me where *you* could have improved your work in any of them."

"I'll take you up on that," she laughs. "There isn't one, except 'Dark Victory' that I haven't wished I could do over—and known I could make it better."

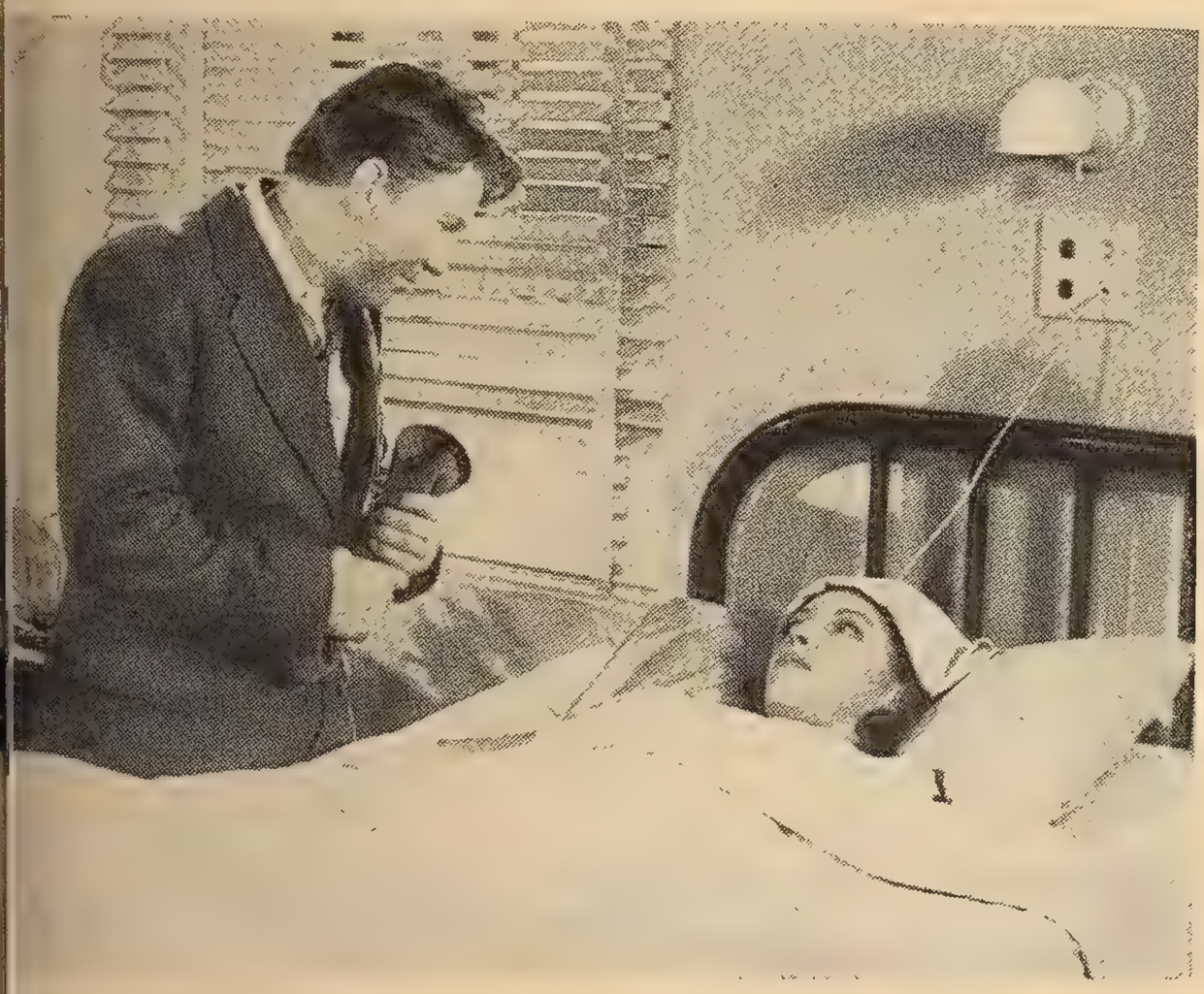
"We'll argue this out over a cocktail sometime—if it takes all night," I promise her. "But now I've other sets to cover."

Here on the next stage to Bette and her unwanted love token is another picture called "Give Me A Child" with Geraldine Fitzgerald (you saw her in "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights"), Jeffrey Lynn, Gale Page and Gladys George.

This, too, is near the beginning of the picture and, somehow, it all reminds me of a beautiful picture Loretta Young and Eric Linden made years ago called "Life Begins." The scene I see is in the maternity ward of a large hospital and its only purpose is to introduce all the characters, so there is no use giving the dialogue. But any picture with a cast like this—and, particularly, any picture with Gladys George, is a picture that shouldn't be missed.

Next is "Enemy Agent" with Boris Karloff and Margaret Lindsay. This is an absorbing story of the espionage system during the World War. Karloff is a master German spy and Margaret is supposedly a German spy, although in reality she is the ace British operative. And this scene is where they meet the first time.





An important scene from "Tarzan in Exile," which boasts of Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and a huge cast.

"Give Me a Child" is the film from which this scene of Gladys George, Johnny Davis and Gale Page is taken.

Lucille Ball, Evelyn Brent and Allan Lane in a cabaret scene from "The Second Shot."

I watch Maggie intently. Somehow, every time I see her I think of Madge Evans, too. There are two girls, both swell actresses, both with a superlative sense of humor, and neither of their real personalities has ever come through on the screen and neither of them has ever really been given a chance to show what she can do.

When the scene is over Mag comes over to shake hands. "You know," I remark seriously, "every time I watch you work I think of you in 'Cavalcade' and that grand start you got off to. And when I see you in the run-of-the-mill pictures you usually make I can't help wondering what you're thinking while you work."

"Fortunes of war," she shrugs. "I bluffed my way into that part in 'Cavalcade' by pretending I was British. If it has boomeranged, that's my tough luck. If you try a bluff at poker and it works one time and not the next you don't get

[*Continued on page* 56]



"Captain Fury"

From Down Under

On Location, Filming The Days Of The Colonization Of Australia

By Frank N. Seltzer

PERSPIRATION dripped from Brian Aherne's forehead. The day was not oppressively warm, just one of Southern California's mild Spring days which the natives delight in calling "usual." Aherne's discomfort came from the heavyweight clothing he was wearing as Captain Fury, the titular hero of the Hal Roach picture of that name in which he and Victor McLaglen as political prisoners are shipped from England in the 1840's to serve their sentences as convict laborers in the colonization of Australia.

Over a woolen shirt he wore a leather and lambswool jacket. His trousers were of heavy wool with leather boots reaching almost to his knees and his "ten gallon" felt hat rested on his shoulders, kept in place by a leather strap around his neck.

More perspiration coursed down his cheeks as he and his co-star, McLaglen, rehearsed the scene under the direction of Hal Roach, who is so intrigued with the colorful story that he has come out of his executive offices to resume a directorial career he abandoned some five or six years ago when his duties of producer and head of the motion picture company became too taxing.

Finally Aherne tired of his martyrdom.

"Please, Mr. Roach, can't we have those reflectors turned down while we are rehearsing? The heat and the glare are terrific."



A henchman of the greedy land barons drives out a helpless family of settlers. Only a hundred years ago this scene was unpleasantly real.

Before shooting the scene a make-up man repaired the damages to Aherne's and McLaglen's complexions, yet managed to maintain that rugged, outdoor appearance which is demanded of the men who risk chances of re-arrest in their quixotic attempts to right the wrongs imposed by greedy land barons upon a community of settlers.

Construction of this community on a location site is one of the most interesting phases of the production. Hidden in a grove of eucalyptus trees (native to Australia, although they also grow profusely and luxuriantly in Southern California) are a dozen quaint cottages, built by skilled studio technicians under the direction of Charles D. Hall, head of the art department, to be facsimiles of the cabins erected by those early settlers in Australia.

Most of the buildings are of logs, with dried clay filling up the chinks. Their roofs are of roughly hewn shingles, with here and there a piece of bark left on. Split rail fences separate the front yards from the roads, winding about through the trees, and serve to keep out the marauding livestock which roams over the community. Each settler has his own garden, with cabbages, lettuce, onions and various vegetables growing in the soil. At the rear of the houses are barnyards with pens for pigs, chickens and geese, as well as sheds for the cows and horses. Sheep gambol about the hills and graze in the tiny valley along the creek's edge.

Each homestead occupies about an acre of ground and the entire group stretches for more than half a mile on both sides of the creek, in which at this season of the year, there is a rapid flow of water.



Hal Roach (in center) is directing a group of players for "Captain Fury." Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen are convicts shipped from England to aid the settlers.

Given an opportunity to get outdoors on a location trip, actors become like children at a circus. They are all over the place, fearing that they will miss something of the vast exhibition staged by nature. Of course, the livestock comes in for the greatest share of attention.

The horses are particular favorites. Much of the action depends upon the equestrian ability of the actors. With the exception of Will Stanton, all acquit themselves admirably. Stanton sneaks down to the corral at every opportunity to feed lumps of sugar to the mount assigned him. He has no faith in his own horsemanship. In fact, until this company went on location he could number on the fingers of one hand the times he had gone horseback [*Continued on page* 81]

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 53]

sore—not if you're any kind of a sport. I'm grateful that I'm working steadily. If I'm not doing the sort of parts I'd like to do I tell myself that every picture *can't* be a 'Cavalcade.' Perhaps my next will be a big picture. But even if I never get another big part at least I've had one and that's more than the average player gets."

And that, I suppose, is just another reason why everyone in Hollywood loves Maggie. She doesn't gripe.

The last picture on this lot is "The Battle of City Hall" with Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan and the "Dead End Kids," plus Frankie Thomas, Bonita Granville, Berton Churchill and the inimitable Franklyn Pangborn.

When her brother (Frankie Thomas) is released from reform school, Ann Sheridan moves to a new neighborhood in the tenement district to keep him away from his old gang. The furniture is on the sidewalk ready to be moved into the apartment. But the Dead End Kids, a gang of "rough, but not bad" youngsters live here. They move a table, some chairs and other stuff around on the sidewalk and are pretending to have tea. Mr. Gabriel Dell is curled up on the sofa, asleep. Mr. Bernie Punsley is pouring from an imaginary teapot into an equally imaginary cup. "Tea, Mr. Finnegan?" he inquires of Mr. Leo Gorcey.

"Quite, my deah Schwartz, quite," replies Mr. Gorcey in what he fondly believes to be a British accent.

"Quite what?" responds Mr. Punsley, setting down the imaginary teapot.

"Quite right," snaps Mr. Gorcey. "Wanna make something of it?"

Frankie, to whom the furniture belongs, and who is being ribbed, is trying to keep his temper. He tries to get past Leo and steps around him to the right. Leo takes a step to the right, blocking him. Frankie steps to the left but Leo is still there.

"Move along," Frankie orders.

"I ain't goin' nowhere," Leo counters.

"I'm just moving in here," Frankie begins. "I don't want trouble, but—"

"Aw, have some on me," Leo replies belligerently.

"I was going to say, 'I don't want trouble, but if you keep asking for it, I've got some I can spare you,'" Frankie retorts and the fight is on, with Bonita Granville (Leo's kid sister) vainly trying to stop it.

I would like to ask Mr. Gorcey whatever happened to his marriage but Mr. G is keeping right in character, even between scenes, so I just think my own thoughts and leave.

It's only a stone's throw (provided you have a good arm) from Warner Brothers to—

Universal

SO I leave and then run like hell to be there to catch the stone. But, alackaday. "The Sun Never Sets" is on location so that will have to wait until next month. Ditto "Ex-Champ" and "They Asked For It" which are just starting. That leaves "The House of Fear" and "For Love or Money."

The first is a "Who-dunnit"—a murder mystery—and trying to give you the plot of one of those things is like trying to unravel a Chinese puzzle. But it has a sparkling cast—Irene Hervey (who is another in the legion that has never had a chance to show what it can do), William Gargan (a member of the same outfit), Walter Woolf King, Harvey Stephens, Alan Dinehart, El Brendel, Tom Dugan and last, but by no means least, Jan Duggan (the Texas Nightingale) who is not well enough known to picture audiences but who has kept audiences at the Los Angeles production of "The Drunkard" convulsed for six long years. You may have seen her with W. C. Fields and Joe Morrison in the never-to-be-forgotten "Old Fashioned Way." You may have seen her more recently in a bit with the former in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man"—as the lady at the party, with a cigarette holder a foot long, who kept blowing smoke into Mr. Fields' face. If you like murder mysteries—and who doesn't?—be sure to take this one in.

So next we come to—

R-K-O

OF COURSE, the highlight of the month over here and the thing that has the studio agog, is the start of Ginger Rogers' solo starring picture, "Little Mother." She starred once before (not too happily) in a film with George Brent as her vis-a-vis. It was a good picture but it just didn't take. She starred another time, in "Stage Door," but that had an all-star cast. This time Ginger is on her own, and there's no Astaire to fall back on because he's left the studio. It's sink or swim.

This, as you may have guessed, is about babies, too. It seems to be "Have a baby" month for our glamour girls. First Bette Davis has one she doesn't want, then there's "Maternity Ward" where they're having babies in carload lots (some want 'em and some don't), and now here we have Ginger who is saddled with a baby that isn't even hers!

It's New Year's Eve and Ginger is preparing to spend a quiet evening at home with the baby. There is a knock at the door and none other than young David Niven (scion of the gang which owns the department store where Ging works) stands there in full evening dress.

"I certainly didn't expect *you* tonight," Ginger greets him cordially.

"I didn't expect to come here," he parries. "I was taking my shower (he was going home to take a shower the last time we met—on "Wuthering Heights") when it suddenly occurred to me you must be having a kind of shabby evening (and that to the play girl of Hollywood!). Get dressed—we're going to a swell party."

"Stood up, eh?" surmises Ginger,



The Our Gang kids using, with difficulty, the biggest fountain pen in captivity during a lull in work on their comedy, "Gang Insurance."

never moving. She plays second fiddle in no man's orchestra.

David catches the inference and for a moment he toys with the idea of keeping up the pretense. But "they have a peculiar code of honor in common."

"I told her I'd call back and I forgot to do it," he says softly, as though divulging a secret.

Ginger smiles and hesitates. "I'd like to go—but I can't leave the baby alone."

"Oh, the baby. The baby!" Dave sputters in annoyance. "You don't have to devote your whole life to the baby."

"That's what *you* told me to do," she reminds him.

"Why, it's New Year's eve!" he screams. "Get somebody to take care of it. Get the landlady to take care of it."

"There's something else," she objects, looking him up and down. "Me—with a sweater and skirt. We'd make half of a lovely couple."

"*I'll* take care of the clothes," he offers magnanimously. "You go fix it with the landlady."

"I'm going," she laughs, but gladly.

And while she's gone David goes to the closet and looks at a dress and a shoe for the size. I *think* his store is about to be robbed.

"Just think," exclaims Ginger when the scene is finished, "not a dance in a carload of these pictures."

"Worse luck," I gloom.

"Kill-joy," says Ginger.

I suppose it's a natural thing to want to prove your versatility but when any-

one dances as divinely as Ginger it seems a shame to me not to have her dance through life. Ah, well!

Next we come to "Sorority House" which stars my favorite ingenue—Anne Shirley. (And Anne is another reason why I don't like John Payne. *He* married her).

Anne's father (J. M. Kerrigan) is a small-town grocer. He borrows $1,000 to send Anne to college, where she rooms with Barbara Read and Adele Pearce. The ambition of all college girls is to join a sorority. Anne realizes with no social background she is not likely to get a bid to a sorority. Then she meets James Ellison and it all comes out. He tells her she'll have plenty of bids. Leaving her, he phones all the sororities and tells them her father is a chain-store owner.

Next morning the girls are congregated in the living room of their boarding house. "Alice Fisher," says the landlady with an arch expression, "mail for you—that I *think* you'll be very interested to see."

"Oh, thank you," Anne smiles.

"Let's go see," says Adele eagerly. "Maybe it's a sorority invitation."

"Don't be silly," Anne admonishes her as they start towards the mail box. "That could never happen to me." But when they reach the box there are SIX letters for Anne. She opens one and turns breathlessly to Adele. "It's from the—the *Gammas!* They want me to come to their party!"

"Oh, Alice, isn't it wonderful!" Adele breathes.

Anne rips open another. "And the Chi House!" she ejaculates.

"Aren't you excited?" Adele burbles.

"Excited!" Anne echoes. "I—I don't know what to do I'm so thrilled." A rapt expression comes into her eyes as she repeats, "The *Gammas!*"

They take it once and then they have to do it again because Anne said, "They want me come to their *dance*" instead of "to their party." "Also," Adele adds helpfully, "I forgot my cookie." She's supposed always to be eating.

I leave the set without speaking to Anne. That girl does something to me. With a simple sentence like, "The Gammas! They want me to come to their party!" she can bridge the years for me and bring back those stormy sweet days of adolescence when fraternities and sororities were the Alpha and Omega of existence—when the set of a tie or a date was the most important thing in life and rent money hadn't even been heard of.

Next is "The Second Shot" with Allan Lane, Lucille Ball and Evelyn Brent.

When Dennis McTeague (Allan) comes to Panama from his camp in the interior, to go on a spree, his first stop is a cheap cabaret owned and operated by his old friend, Evelyn Brent. Because business has been so rotten Evelyn has just had to fire her chorus girls, one of whom is Lucille. All the girls are stranded and worried about getting back to the States. When Allan walks in, flashing a roll of bills, Evelyn gives the girl the high sign to act gay and make the place look prosperous. Allan spies Lucille, looks at her and turns to Evelyn.

"How many chances do I get to win *this* kewpie doll?" he inquires.

"I'm sorry," Lucille informs him, "but—"

"Lucy!" Evelyn interrupts hurriedly, "be nice to Mr. McTeague or I'll fire you." With that she nudges Lucille in the back.

"Don't let old Paint-in-the-face heckle you," Allan encourages Lucille.

"This is Mr. McTeague, Lucy," Evelyn introduces them.

"Can the 'McTeague' stuff," Allan warns her. "My mother named me Dennis."

"You don't look like a 'Dennis' to me," Lucille puts in.

"What *do* I look like?" Allan banters.

"Oh, I dunno," Lucille replies—at a loss for once in her life, "something like Spike—or Butch."

"Gee, it's nice to see you again," I greet Evelyn.

"It's good to see you again," she smiles.

"Remember how we used to hate each other?" I remind her.

"I wish I worked oftener so we could hate each other more frequently," she answers quietly.

That sobers me, too. For here is one of the finest actresses pictures have produced—and, except for bits, she hasn't worked in years. A big star one day—forgotten the next. No one who saw her in "Underworld" will ever forget her as "Feathers." Nor was that her only bid for fame. Every portrayal was a cameo—clean-cut, convincing.

Seeing someone like Evlyn playing the parts she plays now always throws me into a blue funk. So I leave the set hurriedly.

The last picture on the lot is "G-Dog" starring Ace, the Wonder Dog, Virginia Weidler and young Tim Holt. I like all of them but I'm just not in the mood for this sort of thing now so I jog out to—

M-G-M

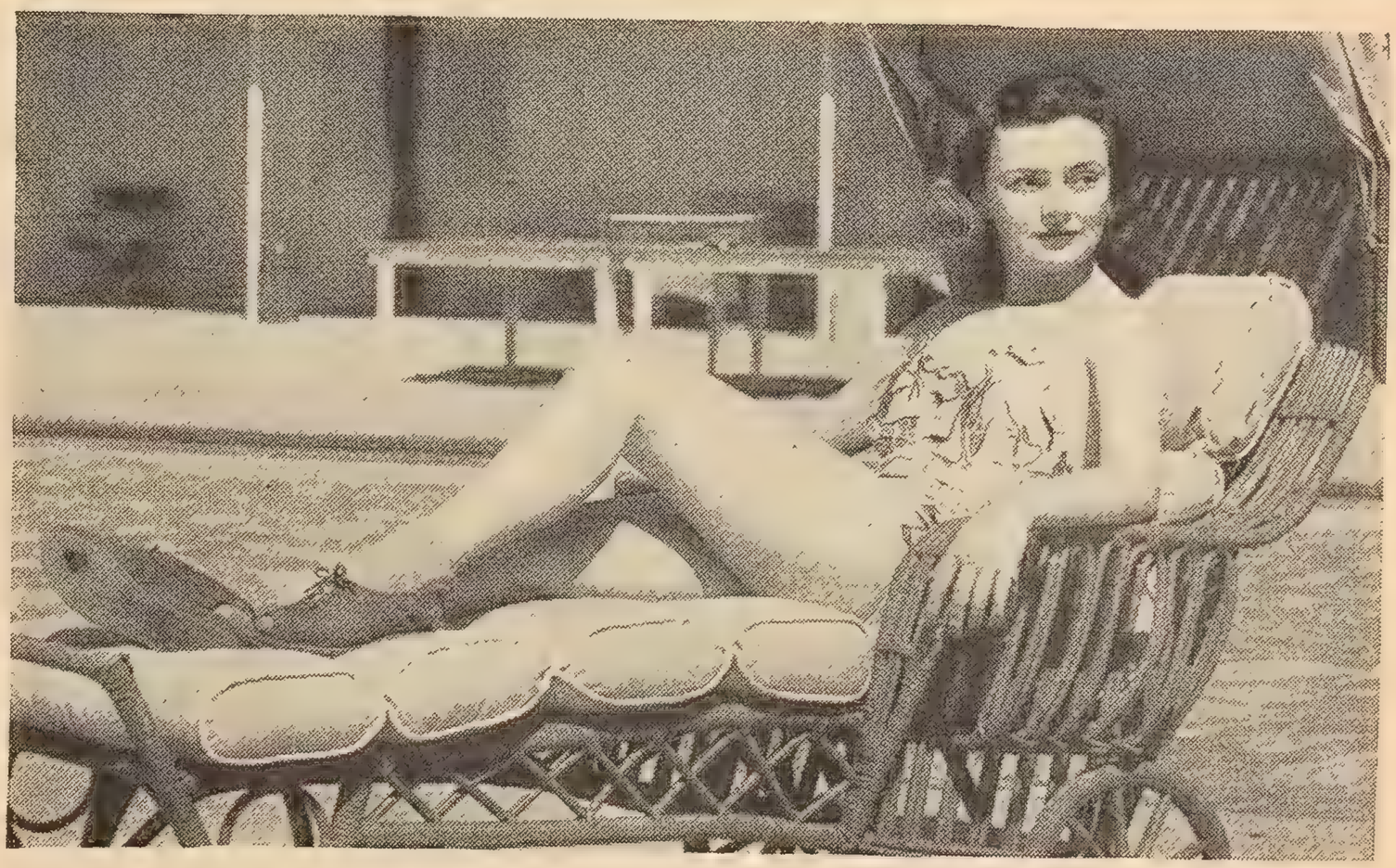
TWO pictures going out here—"A Hundred to One" with Melvyn Douglas and Louise Platt; and another "Tarzan" with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan.



Rudy Vallee, giving a soulful look to Sonja Henie in their romantic film, "Second Fiddle." They got along very well between scenes, too.

Taking them in the order named we gravitate towards where "A Hundred to One" is shooting. This is a cops-and-robber story with a couple of murders and a kidnapping thrown in for good measure. I told you before that I can't go into the plots of these things. They take up too much space but it's a honey and you know how Melvyn Douglas is when he has smart dialogue to help him along with his sleuthing. This time he not only has smart dialogue, but Florence George to aid and abet him.

And "Tarzan"? Well, Tarzan is Tarzan and Maureen—you know without my telling you that any picture with Maureen in it is well worth seeing. On top of that, this is not only the last picture you'll see her in for sometime (because she has a date with the stork) but it's also the last time you'll see her as Tarzan's mate. Don't say I didn't warn you.



Before starting work on "The Real Glory," in which she appears with Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds hied herself off to the beautiful Samarkand Hotel in Santa Barbara for a restful two weeks' vacation.

Hollywood Believe-it-or-Nots

[Continued from page 21]

patents on the machine, but as this would cost $150, Edison decided not to do it. This economy cost him about a billion dollars!

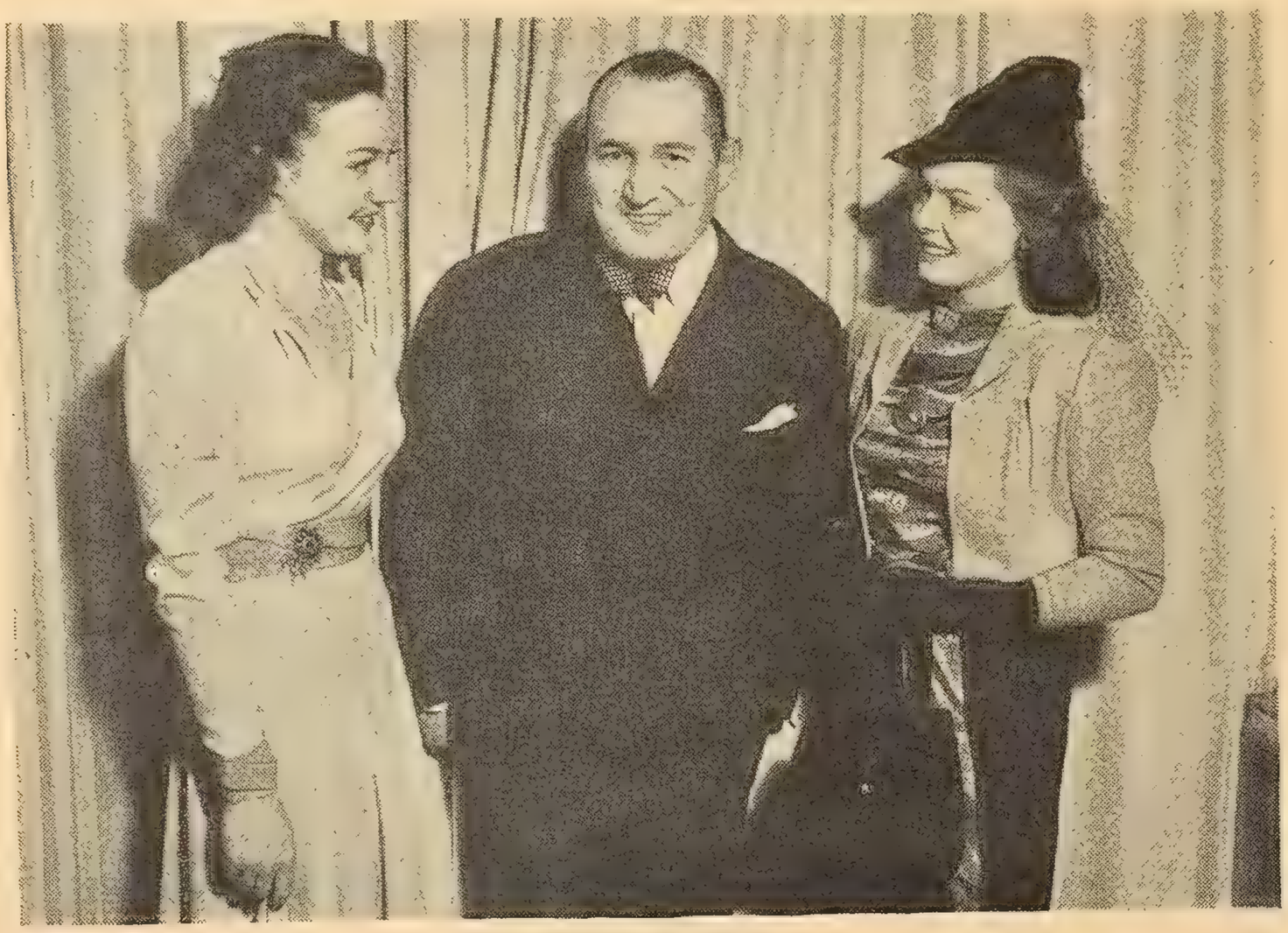
But, back to Mickey Mouse. Believe it or not, this frisky little fellow that you admire so much on the screen started a riot in Munich, Germany, in 1926. Yes, Mickey himself, in the celluloid, was a real villain. The Nationalists were so bitter against Mickey that the authorities had to ban all his pictures. At about the same time, it was discovered that a railroad had been stolen—rails, trains, and stations, too. It was a railroad 100 miles long, built by the Germans in Roumania during the war. The government paid for its up-keep for years, before they found out that thieving officials had actually stolen the line. The chief culprit was haled into court. He had seen big headlines in the papers about the German ban on Mickey Mouse but didn't know who Mr. Mouse was. He took a chance, however, and boldly asserted that the great German bandit, Mickey Mouse, had stolen the road! Believe it or not, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mickey, and, as it was never served, it is still in force to this day!

That famous phrase, "Ay tank ay go home," was never spoken by Garbo. After her first day's experience in pictures in this country, Garbo was too nervous to say anything except a few muttered words to her sponsor, Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director. Naturally, she spoke in Swedish. Director Robert Z. Leonard, who overheard the conversation, asked Stiller what she had said. Stiller interpreted her as saying, "I am feeling terribly nervous. I think I will go home." And, from those simple words, came the amusing phrase that signifies Garbo the world over—"Ay tank ay go home!"

I think Fay Wray deserves the title of Hollywood's Pluckiest Star. In spite of the fact that she is one of the smallest and most feminine of stars, she is very athletic and more courageous in the face of danger than many of us might be. One time she was being blackmailed, and had been directed to deposit a package of money at a certain lonely spot. The California police told her that they would need her to co-operate with them by driving her car into the kidnappers' trap. She did not hesitate. She took the package of fake bills herself and dropped them at the proper place, thus enabling the police to capture the culprits. And, just about a year ago, when her burly cook suddenly went berserk and ran into her room, brandishing a knife threateningly, she stood her off, while the nurse grabbed her child and ran to the neighbors for help. Yes, that little lady has nerve.

As for Sonja Henie, there, to me, is the most amazing person of recent years, a girl who has "everything"—Number One box-office "appeal," that intangible thing, "personality," which makes her audiences hers the moment she smiles, plus the genius of her skating and a business acumen that has built for her an imposing fortune in a few short years. It is no wonder that her king crowned her achievements by conferring upon her the highest honor which Norway could give. He made her a Knight of the Order of St. Olaf—first class—the fifth woman in all history to get the tribute, and the youngest living person by, perhaps, more than thirty years, ever to receive this honor!

And, in token of appreciation to her two countries—Norway and the United States—Sonja Henie has vowed to divide



Robert L. Ripley with Lynn Bari *(left)* and Arleen Whelan *(right)* during a recent visit to Hollywood. He told the girls that when Ruby Keeler first made a screen test it was so good it was released as a short.



Jean Hersholt is a great Ripley "Believe-it-or-Not" fan. On the other hand, Bob Ripley is a great Hersholt rooter.

her life into two parts, living two lives, and living each thoroughly. In the summers, she goes back to Norway. She spends her time up in the mountains, fishing and hunting, lets her hair go any way it pleases and doesn't use any make-up at all. She is a Norwegian girl again, eats Norwegian food, speaks Norwegian. But, in the winters, she is an American, doing as the Americans do, eating American food, and speaking our language, wearing American clothes, making every effort to forget completely that other half of her life, across the seas, until it is time for her to take it up again—believe it or not!

Our own little Shirley Temple is another amazing personality of the day, and, that she is a genius, no one can deny. When I met her in Hollywood recently, I felt that I was in the presence of a truly great person, in spite of her young years, and was most impressed with the dignified, unspoiled manner in which she carried her fame. Incidentally, more babies have been named after Shirley Temple than after any king, president, or other celebrity of recent times! Twentieth Century-Fox studios, where Shirley works, have received thousands of letters from admiring mothers in this country and foreign lands, saying that they have named their baby girls for the famous child star.

And, here's something about Robert Taylor—though one of the most popular stars in pictures today, he is unknown by that name in his home town of Beatrice, Nebraska. Whenever one of his pictures reaches Beatrice, the local theater advertises him in big letters on the marquee — ARLINGTON BRUGH — in whatever picture he is appearing. Arlington Brugh is his real name, and his townspeople refuse to accept his screen name, Robert Taylor.

Eleanor Powell, termed the "World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer" by the Dancing Masters of America, originally took up dancing at her mother's insistence, because her mother thought it would cure her of her acute self-consciousness. It did. But, her title of best dancer proves to be a handicap at parties. Men seldom ask her for a dance, because they are afraid they can't dance well enough to lead her. Eleanor has to fight against being a wall-flower—believe it or not!

Ida Lupino tells me of this experience, which I class as a "believe-it-or-not," but which has given her the reputation, among her friends who know about it, of being "psychic." When she was sixteen years old, and signed a contract with Paramount, she had to leave England and a young man, "Johnny," with whom she was in love. She promised him that she would return and that they would marry in five years.

Their cables and letters formed an endless chain to and from London, until finally Ida cabled Johnny that she was returning to England for a Christmas vacation. His pet name for her was "Loops," and he cabled her, in response, "Loops, will meet you at the boat. So happy you're coming. Love, Johnny."

About a week before Ida sailed for England, she came home from the studio, fearful about something, she couldn't explain what. So strong were her feelings that she insisted upon her mother's telephoning to her father in England to see if he was all right. Relieved at the report that he was fine, and anxiously awaiting her arrival, Ida went to sleep. Several hours later, her mother heard her walking around the living-room, and went down to see what was wrong. Ida, seeming to be half awake and half asleep, was saying, "Come in, Johnny. I know, I know, and I'm sorry, but come in." Her mother put her back to bed, but, later was awakened, when Ida cried out, "Tell Loops to carry on, and good-bye."

Both were strangely troubled by the incident, but Ida carried on with her plan to sail. When she reached Southampton, there was no Johnny to greet her, but a mutual friend was there. He had a cable to show her, which he had received from a boy who had been cycling with Johnny in Vienna on the eve of a motor accident which had resulted in Johnny's death. "When Ida reaches England," Johnny's friend had cabled, "tell her Johnny's last words were for her—'Tell Loops to carry on, and good-bye.' "—the very words Ida had called out in her dream—believe it or not!

Strange, how Fate has picked its favorites from the crowd by the merest incident, and sent them along the road to fame. Hollywood history is full of these believe-it-or-nots."

Gary Cooper won his big chance just on a smile—and, in the first camera-less screen test on record. After playing bits and apparently getting nowhere, he was summoned one day to the Paramount studios. The office into which he walked was filled with producers, executives and directors. Finding himself, without warning, in this position, Gary flashed an embarrassed, but engaging smile about the room—that grin that has become so famous—and, without uttering a word, was dismissed. After he left, the committee cast every vote in favor of him for an important part in a current picture, and his fortune was made.

Margaret Lindsay practiced what she calls "The Great Deception" to get her chance for a future. The picture, "Cavalcade," was going into production, and she had set her heart on one of the major roles. But the rule of eligibility for a role was that every player should be English, in this drama of English life and history. Margaret Lindsay was just a young girl from Iowa. But, armed with a year of stage experience in London, an accent, and complete self-confidence, she decided to fool the Powers That Be. And, she did. She took the test, got the job, scored a big hit. She was hailed as a British actress, born and bred, and it was not until long after the release of "Cavalcade," in which she appeared as the girl on the Titanic, that the Great Deception was disclosed—believe it or not!

A chance guest at a tea, and a jest taken seriously there, put Claudette Colbert on the stage at a time when her ambition was to be either a designer of clothes or an artist. The jest was made by Claudette who made the wager, laughingly, that she could get a stage part without any previous experience. The chance guest was a friend of a friend of Anne Morrison, playwright, and, in order to save Claudette's face, arranged for her to have an introduction to Miss



Shirley Temple presenting Ripley with her "police" badge.

Morrison. This resulted in a three-line part for Claudette, as a maid, in "The Wild Westcotts."

After that, luck played along with Claudette, but she spurred it on with a "white lie," such as the one that opened the portals for Margaret Lindsay. She realized that she really wanted a stage career, and that, to be successful, she must have a manager. She succeeded in getting into the office of Al Woods in New York one day. She "broad-ayed" him like a born Englishwoman, and, upon being asked where she was born, said "Isle of Jersey." Mr. Woods was overjoyed. He came from there himself (a fact that Claudette had conveniently learned), and their friendship, based on that fib, proved to be long and beneficial. Miss Colbert says that she does not think Mr. Woods ever resented her white lie—as it was the means of starting her to fame!

Luise Rainer, at sixteen years of age, stepped on the bare stage of a Viennese theatre for an audition. She had had no previous theatrical experience—her family had had none. Luise spoke lines she had learned in half an hour. *One day* later, she was the leading lady of the company's most important play of the season, entering upon a career which made her first a Max Reinhardt star, then a motion picture star in the first picture in which she ever appeared, "Escapade," made in this country, with William Powell.

And, speaking of William Powell, I like this "believe-it-or-not" about him. He is the only person on record who ever caught a bat on a fishing-line! While he was on location for a picture on the Stanislaus River in the High Sierras, Powell, a great lover of the sport, went trout fishing, using a Parmancheenee Belle fly. As he was casting, in the dusk, a bat swooped out of a tree and nabbed the trout bait in mid-air!

I think you will enjoy this one about your favorite "frozen-faced" comedian. Seems he has a sentimental side, after all. Ned Sparks' dog, Betsy Ann, a Boston bull terrier, sleeps in a bed which is an exact replica of her master's, and which stands alongside his own. Betsy Ann's bed has inner spring mattresses, linen sheets, and a damask bed-spread!

Maybe you don't know, too, that—

George Brent can't go back to his native Ireland because he was a dispatch rider for Michael Collins during the revolution of 1924, and he would be put under arrest, if he set foot there.

Clark Gable saves thousands of dollars every year turning down oil promotion schemes, because of his knowledge of the oil industry. He once worked with his father in the oil fields at Bigheart, Okla., for $12 a day, and could, if necessary, perform every important job in an oil field, from drilling to capping, and extinguishing fires. But, he hopes he will never have to do that again!

Thirteen is Lily Pons' lucky number. She was born on April 13; her automobile license plate is numbered "LP-13;" and her favorite keepsake is a gold locket engraved with that number.

Spencer Tracy enlisted in the U. S. Navy as soon as the United States entered the war in 1917. Yet, from then until the time of his discharge, the only boat he ever boarded was a whaleboat which he helped row on the bay at Norfolk, Va. No wonder he looked forward to his recent trip on a boat crossing the Atlantic!

Bob Burns won the gold medal in rifle competition in the A. E. F. at a tournament following the Armistice. Gen. Pershing pinned the medal on him. And, Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland Rice, was awarded a U. S. Marine Corps sharpshooter medal for accuracy with an army rifle.

Lew Ayres has a letter from Professor Einstein, complimenting him on his studies and observations in the field of astronomy—his hobby.

Olivia de Havilland is *really* Olivia's name. But, some of the Hollywood stars hate to own up to their *full* names. Brian Aherne is Brian DeLacey Aherne. Wayne Morris is Bertram DeWayne Morris, and the "H." in William H. Powell, stands for *Horatio*—can you believe it! Then, there's Harry *Lillis* Crosby—no wonder he'd rather be called Bing! *My* middle name—well, uh, since you ask—only, don't hold it against me—it's *LeRoy*—believe it or not!

Marriage and Hedy Lamarr

[Continued from page 19]

and the necessity for such economy as she need never have known. There is courage and stamina sheathed in the sumptuous sheath of Lamarr.

When Hedy took up golf and, on her first tour around the Bel-Air golf course, had such redoubtable golfing companions as Robert Ritchie, Bruce Cabot and Victor Fleming, she asked no handicap. She never asks for special privileges, not Hedy. When they were making cafeteria scenes, also for the defunct "I Take This Woman," Hedy and Spencer Tracy got free lunches for three days. And Hedy ate the free lunches and loved them.

The only picture that hangs in the new portable dressing room of the Glamour Queen is a framed water color of—*Dopey!* Famed for her fabulous jewels, Hedy's favorite collection is her collection of dolls. Her mother recently sent her a new doll from England and Hedy displayed it to her friends with far more enthusiasm than ever she has displayed her emeralds, her diamonds, her matchless pearls.

She's crazy about the movies. She's such an insatiable movie fan that she is one of the few people in the world who adores double features. It must both amuse and amaze Gene Markey to find that Hedy's idea of a Big Night is to go to a neighborhood movie. It must both amuse and amaze him to find in her just about the only person in the business who really *loves* pictures. No movie bill is too long for her. When Hedy and Gene go to see, say, "Wuthering Heights," and, the feature over, Gene begins reaching for his hat, he turns to see Hedy already lost to the world in "Cactus Bill's Challenge" or whatever the second feature may be. She is, Myrna Loy once told me, the greatest audience in the world. She cries unashamedly at the "sad" scenes, and screams and laughs at the "funny" scenes. She has seen "Pygmalion" four times. "Because," she says, "I can learn something from that picture." She is unreservedly generous about other women's performances. When she watched Irene Dunne in "Love Affair" she kept murmuring: "She is won-der-ful . . . she is won-der-ful . . ."

And so it is not surprising to be told that Gene Markey uses the word "incredible" in referring to Hedy, uses it more often, my informant informs, than he himself realizes, and, in using it, he is paying, unconsciously perhaps, a tribute to his own delighted astonishment. In her incredible beauty, of course. For incredibly beautiful she is, her personal maid told me, even when she first awakens in the morning, quite without benefit of powder puff or lipstick. But more incredible to her husband than the beauty which is manifest at first glance must be her incredible gifts as home-maker, her contentment and utter simplicity of living, her undemandingness, her graciousness, her keen, discriminating intelligence.

She has, in addition to these qualities, an excellent "story" mind, a remarkable story sense, which add up to the Perfect Wife—for a producer. When, recently, a well known writer came to confer with Producer Markey on a story, Hedy happened to be present. Far too well-mannered to intrude her presence in a conference, she remained silent until her opinion on a certain situation was asked. And then, when asked, Hedy gave such a constructive angle to the story, suggested such extraordinarily worth-while situations that the entire script was revised according to her concept and the well-known writer went away saying earnestly: "I wish *I* had her to work on stories with *me*." As man and as producer, then, Gene Markey's cup of conjugal happiness is, indeed, pressed down and running over. No wonder it is incredible to him to find in a person so beautiful, a wife, a companion, a *friend* who is as interested in his career as she is in her own . . . the most feminine woman he has ever known.

One does not expect to find all the qualities in one person. Even a new husband, even a man in love is prepared, however subconsciously, for some disappointments. Gene Markey has not met with any disappointments. Quite the contray. And so he, like Hedy, is not only ecstatically happy, as a man in love is happy, but he is, also, contented and supremely *comfortable* in the home Hedy is making for him. He has never, he has gratefully admitted to friends, known a Career Woman so unobstrusively a Career Woman as is Hedy—one of his special satisfactions is her acceptance of his bachelor-day friends, her liking for his friends. These are, I think, some of the reasons for that word "incredible" rising so often to the lips of Hedy's husband. The word comes straight from his amazed —and grateful—heart.

Not that Hedy's ambition is softly suffocated under the aura of peace which mantles her. The flame burns just as brightly as before. All the more brightly, perhaps, because it is now nourished on the hearthstone. Hedy, now, has someone of her very own to whom she can turn for advice, for help in her work, for understanding. Hedy is still ambitious, of course. Her career is still important to her. And she fully intends to go on with it. But—*she gives her home the first break.* I have her word for this.

It seems to me—it also seems to them —that the important thing to consider in this marriage of Hedy Lemarr and Gene Markey is that neither of them *wanted* to marry again. Neither of them had planned to marry again. Hedy told me, less than a year ago, that she *hoped* she would not fall in love, hoped she would not *want* to marry "for at least five years." She had every intention of remaining single. She had even bought a new home, redecorated it, refurnished it, settled into it.

Gene Markey made no secret of the fact that Freedom could ring for him for the rest of his life and still be sweet music in his ears. Therefore, Hedy and Gene married for one reason and one reason only—*love.* And not the love which is adventure, excitement, headlines, fitful and feverish—but the love whi wants marriage, home, children, pe petuity.

If it had been excitement they we seeking, excitement sprang to life unc their feet wherever they walked. Men ha died for the beauty which is Hedy's. Ge had dated most of the glamorous, attra tive young women of Our Times. He had been married once, unsuccessfull Gene had been married once, unsucce fully. Which adds up to two people no too eager to date Hymen again.

Hedy was in Hollywood, the goal all her dreams, the goal for which she h left the safe, the sumptuous, the "gild cage" of her former marriage. She w at the beginning of her exciting caree She was everywhere known, billed, pu licized as The Glamour Girl to end Glamour Girls. It was expected of her- perhaps her studio rather hoped that sh would enhance this glamour by addi sensational scalps to her girdle of scarl and gold. For her career's sake, perha Hedy should not have married. But sh did marry. She married because she is woman and fell in love with a man. Sh married because she is the kind of woman who likes married life, home lif She married because she is a one-ma woman. She proved this, I think, by th five years she gave to her first marriag By the fact that she gave up her caree then, for that marriage. By the fact tha unhappy for the greater part of that fiv years—and five years is a long, long tim when one is very young—she did not d what so many young girls *do* do . . . fling it overboard with petulant, pa sionate haste. No, she gave time to i she tried to work it out, she curbed h own restlessness, submerged her own am bitions out of respect for the institutio of marriage, *which she does respect.*

She proved her singular singleness heart again, I think, when, after her a rival in Hollywood, both before and aft her fabulous rise to fame, she went ou with one man and one man only, Reginal Gardner. Hedy, who could have had many romances as there are hours in th day, who could have been feasted an feted wherever the lights are brightes found one friend and stuck to him, unt she found the man who was friend—an more besides. *There is no inconstancy i Hedy.*

Gene Markey, on the other hand, en joyed his new bachelorhood. He like living on his yacht. He had every expec tation of continuing his life of freedom A successful producer at Twentieth Cen tury-Fox with such signal successes a "Kentucky," "The Little Princess," "Th Hound of The Baskervilles" as his mo recent credits, his life, in every depart ment, was satisfying and successful. Ther were no economic reasons for the mar riage. There were, indeed, no reasons a all for the marriage save only that one . . that one which does not need to be re stated.

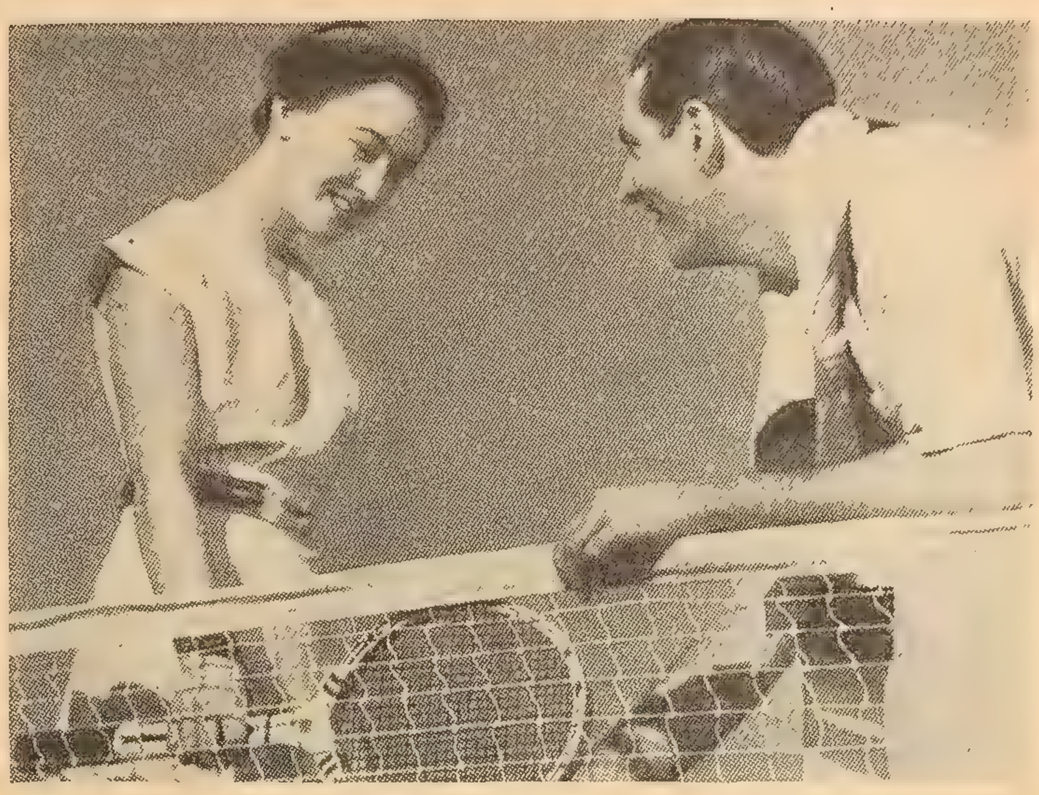
Hedy and Gene have evolved no delib erate formula for making their marriag last, no little "laundry list" of things t do, things to avoid doing to insure it "until Death do us part-ness." They feel no need for such artifice becaus both say that they feel "closer" to each other than they have ever felt to anyon

[Continued on page 66]

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PATERSON, N. J.

Fate, Hope and Hilarity!

[Continued from page 25]

Besides his blackface and dancing, Hope sang in the quartette, doubled on saxophone and helped out with trunks and scenery when he was resting. Arbuckle liked the lads and helped them get a job with a small road show musical. When that closed they played vaudeville with a certain amount of success, until they successfully auditioned for "Sidewalks Of New York."

When that show closed they went back into vaudeville, but Bob began to realize that a dancing act in vaudeville, unless it was sensational, never got you anywhere. The break came when they played Newcastle, Indiana. Bob was asked by the manager to go out and announce the following week's show. Instead of the bare announcement, Hope started telling Scotch jokes, the audience loved it, and before he bowed off he practically had a new act worked out.

Bob worked out his new patter act in night clubs, neighborhood houses, stag parties and small time around Cleveland and Detroit until he thought it was right. Then he went to Chicago where no one would even give it a showing. In a few months he was living on the proverbial coffee and sinkers, $4,000 in debt and covering the holes in his shoes with cardboard, but he hung on grimly. Finally he booked a date in a small neighborhood house. By the second show he had a three-day booking in a larger theatre; a date that stretched into six months, and Hope was set.

He toured Western Vaudeville, the old Interstate Circuit and finally hit New York. But by the time he hit New York he had a bankroll saved up and an inflexible determination that he was through playing theatres so small that the actors' heads bumped the balcony when they bowed.

Steadfastly, he turned down all offers of second-rate theatres until he got an offer for the Eighty-Sixth Street Theatre in the coveted next-to-closing spot. That fixed him. By the end of the second show the bookers had seen the act and offers poured in, he signed a three year headlining contract with RKO and, during that trip over the circuit, made his first screen test for Pathe.

That test was enough to convince him that pictures were not for Hope. Meanwhile, he was doing all right in vaudeville, musical comedy and radio. He appeared in the ill-fated "Ballyhoo," the hit, "Roberta," "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Red Hot and Blue." It was during "Roberta" that he loaned Fred MacMurray, then tootling a sax in the show's band, his hat and cane, and Bob claims that he finally had to come to Hollywood to retrieve his property.

It was "The Big Broadcast of 1938" that marked Hope's debut in pictures, and his movie career has progressed in leaps and bounds ever since.

While playing in "Roberta" Bob met Dolores Reade, a night club singer, and Bob heckled her continually, to the point of following her to Miami, Florida, until she married him. Their place at Toluca Lake is usually filled with people, and one of Bob's most prolific sources of gags are his guests and their eating propensities. He'll describe in great detail how they devour every scrap of food in the house, and the teeth imprints he found on the icebox door, but he really loves it. His idea of fun is sitting around with friends, trying to "top" the gags that fly back and forth. Much of his material is suggested this way.

When not at home or the studio he can usually be found at the golf links near his home where he shoots a good game in the seventies. He lost the club championship to Bing Crosby not long ago.

Hope has the faculty of never seeming to work, but yet getting out a terrific amount. Besides his movie work he has his weekly radio program and frequent vaudeville appearances. But rehearsals for his radio show—usually a strain to most comics—are yanked into the fun category by Hope. Working over gags and situations with his script writers becomes merely another story-swapping session, just like the old days when actors would sit around and kid back and forth with the stage crew.

If there's any of the Hamlet that's supposed to lurk behind every comedian's smiling face, Bob Hope manages to keep it well submerged. He's famous for his lightheartedness, and never seems to have a care in the world. When he's not working or golfing he's as often as not fooling with his camera hobby; he owns a Leica, a Graflex and a sixteen millimetre movie outfit.

None of his work seems onerous to him, and no audience, on stage, screen or radio, can be as tough as one he encountered early in his career. When he first started in show business, Bob tells, his brother was working in a machinery factory. Brother bragged about his "professional" brother and so Bob was asked to perform at the company's annual employees' party.

The party started around two in the afternoon, held in the huge factory building. Barrels of beer were drained, and one entertainment feature after another went on so that it was evening before Hope was called upon for his turn. By that time most of the employees were a little glassy-eyed, and kids were crying. On top of that, the factory had been constructed to deaden noise—and it was to this solemn, beery, noisy audience that young Hope started his act. He told jokes, sang, danced and went into his patter. And to all this he received only stony stares while his brother went off into a corner and died of embarrassment. "After that," Bob says, "nothing could be tough. And my brother wouldn't speak to me for years."

And right now nothing seems to be very tough for Hope.

He's making plenty of pictures and money (we hope) on the coast, and then his radio activities are not to be sneezed at either. And you'd be surprised the number of Broadway producers who'd like Bob to return East for stage appearances.







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Mixing Romance with Business

[Continued from page 23]

of their brief honeymoon in New York.

In spite of that, however, Dick and Joan managed to weather the early hectic weeks and eventually settled down into the simple—for Hollywood—sort of life they both wanted, with Joan playing on the beach with Normie and Dick sailing his boat. They did and do quarrel, but they like it, believe it strengthens their marital partnership.

Studios frown on the stork as well as on romances not conceived in the publicity department, but Dick and Joan believe in arranging their own lives, as the recent arrival of their little daughter Ellen proves. And now they have separated from Warner's, both feeling that Dick had had too many musicals and Joan too many "dizzy" parts, and are busy getting their careers off to a new start, together.

Maybe you didn't know that it was during the making of a picture that Carole Lombard first met and fell in love with Clark Gable. But Gable was married then and Carole was still trying to make a go of her marriage to William Powell, already slated a failure, and it was long after Clark and Rhea Gable were separated and Carole and Bill had secured their friendly divorce that Carole and Clark met again, at the now famous "white" party and began their wild and humorous attempts to outdo each other with absurd gags.

But Carole did far more than try to win Clark by examples of outlandish humor—she made herself over from the frivolous, over-dressed glamour girl into a regular guy, an out-door, hunting and fishing girl, the sort of a pal a man like Clark would appreciate. Fans breathed a sigh of content when their long romance culminated at last in a marriage which seemed so right for both of them.

Among the younger generation, the famous rule is courageously broken, too. Anne Shirley and John Payne met and loved with cameras clicking and Klieg lights burning. Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward met for the second time on the set —the first time was on a London set where Louis watched the fourteen year old Ida and thought she was "awful"—the Hollywood Ida, a few years older, changed his mind. And under Louis' influence, Ida too has changed, stripping herself of false sophistication and artificiality and becoming her normal, sincere self and a much better actress.

Betty Jaynes and Douglas MacPhail met at the NBC studios for an MGM show. I watched Betty quivering with nervousness at that first big show.

"I could never have gotten through it without Douglas' encouragement," she admitted frankly.

They were teamed on the radio program, teamed in *Sweethearts* and in *Honolulu.* Betty had been plucked from High School by the Chicago Grand Opera Company and still a shy, gauche school-girl, found herself plunged into the whirlwind excitement of a Hollywood career. She and Douglas met because MGM needed two young singers. Hand in hand, they have gone on together an it looks very much as if theirs was on of Hollywood's enduring romances.

Wedding bells, if they haven't run already, will soon ring for Janet Gayno and Adrian. They had met before, but i was during the filming of *Three Love Has Nancy,* for which Adrian created th costumes, that they met again and fe in love. Janet has always been somethin of a mystery in Hollywood. She has a ways been a heart-breaker, but she ha also been wise and cool and had a wa of retiring to the seclusion of her beac home or to her Honolulu hideaway whe things needed thinking out. Now, appar ently, she has thought things out to different conclusion from those reache on previous retirements.

Adrian, recognizing her as a lovely, so phisticated woman beneath her little gi roles and her little girl styles, has trans formed her by new hair-dos and gorgeou clinging gowns. Perhaps in the new style Janet has recognized herself fully for th first time and seen life from a more prac tical, grown-up point of view as well a a more romantic one. At least, it seem certain that she has found through Adria a new and stimulating personality for he self and a new and stimulating way c life for both of them.

Among others who have married pr fessionals like themselves are Melvy Douglas and his wife, Helen Gahaga the Pat O'Briens, and of course the Fred ric Marches, now Broadway successe in *The American Way.* And there George Murphy, who married his dancin partner and Paul Muni, whose wife w a former stage partner and who now ac as his secretary, business manager an assistant in general.

Margaret Sullavan married her agen Leland Heyward, Shirley Ross, once en gaged to a producer, changed her mind i favor of her agent, Ken Dolan. Maure O'Sullivan had to wait for special dispe sation from Rome before she could marr her director, Johnny Farrow. Gloria Dick son met Perc Westmore when he was mak ing her up for a role. Frances Dee and Joe McCrea have brought a studio romanc to full flower, ideally combining career a happy ranch life and parenthood.

And now the story comes to a prett climax with the marriage of Annabell and Tyrone. Lunching with Tyrone on day last summer, during the filming *Suez,* I listened to him elaborate on th charms of the little French girl, Anna bella. Even then, he liked everythin about her but, most of all, he liked he sense of humor and the fact that sh could *take* as well as *give* and was a in all, a darn good sport. A romance tha began when she poured sand down hi neck and he dumped her unceremon ously back into the chilly water fro which he had just "rescued" her seeme even then to be following the pattern c the Gable-Lombard romance.

Ty has always been able to laugh a himself. Once he told me about being a made up for a part in which he was sup posed to be a middle-aged man. "Nige

uce looked me up and down," Tyrone uckled, "and said: 'Heavens, how u've aged—you look all of twenty-e.'"

Again, he told me about the time he ed to dismount from his horse in a ne in *Suez,* getting his cloak caught his sword when he was half off and ling up by falling off on the opposite e. Ty laughed reminiscently. "The di-tor said: 'I've seen men dismount m the wrong side but never from both es at once before.'"

And now here was a girl who could be ked and come up laughing, who could et horse-play with horse-play and yet l all the other qualities Ty was look- for, too. A girl with talent, sensitive, elligent, ambitious . . .

But although Tyrone told me that day t he was ready for marriage, wanted get married, might even "get married morrow if the right girl came along," elieved him when he added that prob-y he would not get married for an-er two years, anyway. I believed him tly because I knew the studio frowned the idea of his marriage and Tyrone a very wise and level-headed young n and not at all inclined to bite the d that feeds him.

Furthermore, he has always been in out of love, as easily as he was in out of publicity-made love affairs. A r before, I had heard him rave about ija. And there had been Loretta and et and so many more that it didn't n to me the young man was anywhere r ready to settle down. Well, I was ng. The young man I thought would



Lupe Velez proudly shows Donald Woods, appearing with her in "The Girl From Mexico," her canine pet, "Mr. Kelly." Donald seems a bit baffled by the fiery Mexican or is it "Mr. Kelly?"

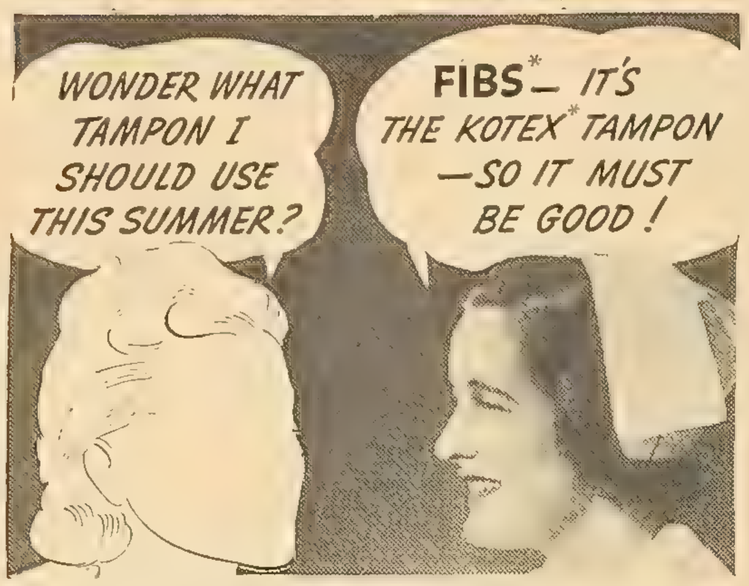
fight shy of a wedding ring and all the incidental responsibilities has slipped one on to the hand of a young French woman, who is the mother of a five year old child, and has bought a house and is ready to settle down as a family man.

And now, being wise after the event, I can only say that Annabella, being a wise as well as a gay and confident person, is the very wife for Tyrone, who is also wise and gay and confident. Tyrone knows very well what he wants and how to get it, and has known all that since he was a very small boy indeed.

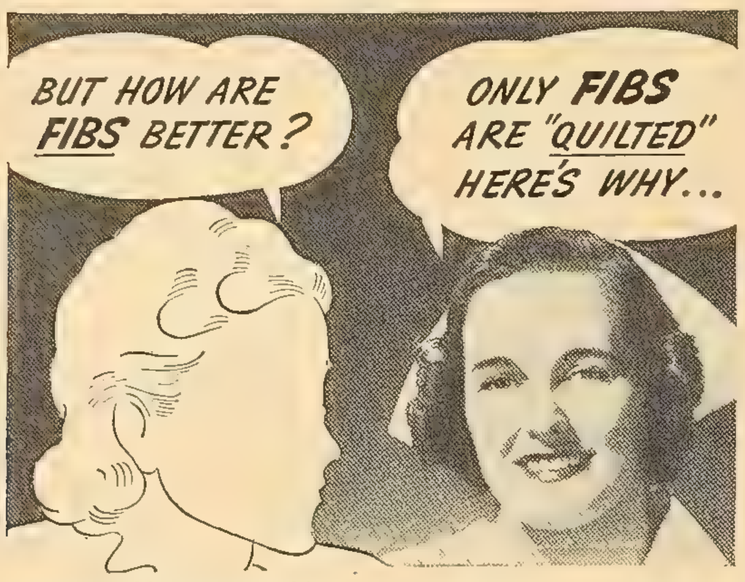
So another romance born of the studio, frowned on by the studio, blessed by the studio starts happily on its way to prove that stars, like other young people, marry when and as they will, to please no one but themselves and that arch little god known as Cupid, who finds business, whether it is in an office or on a studio lot, as fertile a field for his machinations as a rose arbor or a desert garden spot.



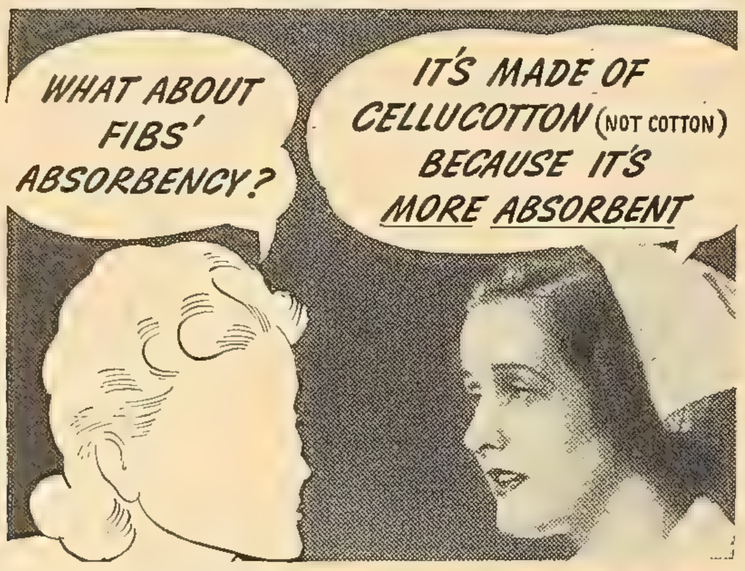
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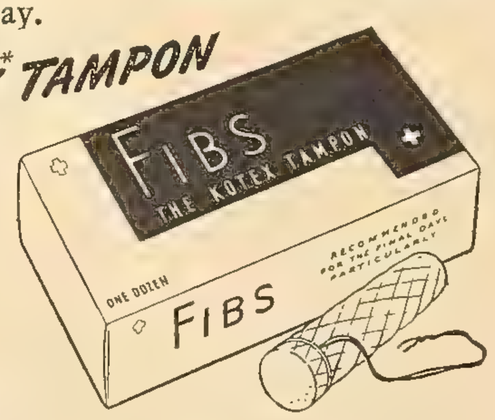


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Marriage and Hedy Lamarr

[Continued from page 60]

else in all their lives. Their closeness is such that they feel no need of totems or taboos to protect it. It is a closeness which they admit, with some amusement, is "almost psychic." Often they will awake, at exactly the same moment in the night. Often Gene will start to say something and Hedy will "take the words right out of his mouth."

Hedy says "I like being with Gene better than with anyone I've ever known." It is superfluous to add that Gene dittos that statement. Often they will drive, twenty miles or more, to lunch together. When Hedy is not working, she usually breakfasts in bed and Gene breakfasts in her room with her. Now that Hedy is working, in "Lady of The Tropics" at MGM, Gene suits his time to hers. They rise early, breakfast together, and then he drives her to her studio and then drives back to his studio.

When Hedy is through work, late in the afternoon, she drives to Gene's studio and they go home together. Or if he has finished work before she has, he "calls" for her. Such closeness feels no need of building defences. But for those who must have "reasons" for everything, this marriage may "rest its case" on the fact that it is, in every particular, the exact opposite of Hedy's previous marriage.

For in that previous marriage, Hedy was the jewel to be worn only on the crown of an enormously wealthy, enormously powerful man. As a jewel she was kept in silken seclusion, the strands of which were as strong as steel bars. Everywhere she went she was followed, guarded, watched. Her very phone wires were tapped lest she say a word not for her husband's ears. She was not permitted so much as the thought of a career. She was not permitted any problems or tastes of her own. She was a prisoner and her fetters were jewels and luxuries beyond all dreams of avarice. And the significant part of this is that they were—*fetters.*

In this marriage, she is as free as the air. She comes and goes at will and no questions asked. In this marriage, she is her husband's good comrade, sharing his thoughts and problems as he shares hers. In this marriage, whether she has a career or not is of her own choosing.

In her previous marriage she was the mistress, in name only, of town houses, shooting lodges, country estates, yachts, de luxe planes. She was the mistress, also in name only, of servants who anticipated her slightest wish and took orders only from her husband. She dined on service of solid gold, on linens from the looms of luxury, strewn with hothouse orchids and gardenias and wood violets . . . which she could not arrange. She entertained dinner parties numbering hundreds of guests—whom she did not invite. Munitions' tycoons, makers and breakers of the destinies of empires—her husband's friends. She was the exquisite figurehead at the masthead of her husband's world. Jewels, motor cars, furs, luxuries such as Semiramis never dreamt of were hers before the asking. In all the ways that man's wealth can buy and give, she was pampered, indulged, protected—and miserable.

In this marriage, she is the mistress of the little white farmhouse in the g hills. But *not* in name only. She is mistress of her home in very fact, reins held firmly in her capable, istering hands. The servants in the h number three. One, the first and servant Hedy has hired since she to Hollywood, her personal maid, Blan The same Blanche who served Jean low for eight devoted years. Blanche until she set eyes on Hedy, was dis solate and bereaved, drearily certain she could never again find anyone to the place of her beloved "Baby." But "I loved Miss Lamarr the minute I eyes on her," Blanche will tell you would have worked for her for n ing. . . ." And there are the two Fili boys who were with Mr. Markey be his marriage. These three know who is mistress of the house.

And the house is to be a farmh in spirit, in fact, as well as in ar tecture. For Hedy is furnishing her home, her *real* home with simple furniture, chintzes and cottage rugs. E the table is to be a farm table, with the food placed on it at one time, more tiresome formality of butlers br ing in courses fit for a bird at half h intervals," says Hedy. Hedy's first p chase for her new home was an fashioned Lazy Susan which revol bearing all the edibles, comfortably wi their reach.

They hope, in time, to add ten a to their land and they plan, then, have chickens, cows and ducks; all farmyard animals with their slee homey noises, their substances of m and butter and eggs. No longer n Hedy, bejewelled, magnificent and ma like, preside over dinner parties which affairs of state. Now, wearing the A trian peasant dirndls she loves, she en tains Gene's bachelor friends and, of their closest friends, Myrna Loy Arthur Hornblow.

In her first marriage, Hedy had o to dip her arms into the coffers of se ingly illimitable wealth. Just how ill itable she never asked and was ne told.

In this marriage, she has been t For Gene Markey, partly because thi the way American men do things, pa because, no doubt, he knew of the f ulous wealth of his predecessor, felt need of a thorough financial understa ing. Perhaps Hedy might believe that men are Midases. . . . And so, just fore their marriage, he explained to He exactly and in detail, just what his fin cial status is, just what she could exp and not expect, as his wife. He told that he had been extravagant, had sp considerable sums of money in his ti But that he is not, now, a wealthy m as wealthy men go. He told her that was planning to sell his yacht. He plained that as a Lieutenant-Comman in the U. S. Navy he is subject to c



Universal's Helen Parrish looks like a female Huckleberry Finn in her new slack suit.

the first declaration of war. And that, hould this catastrophe occur, his monthly ılary would be just about what his sal- y is for half a day at the studio. And ıe significance of this is that out of all is honest and explicit accounting of ıances, Hedy drew only one frightened nclusion—*that her husband might have go to war.*

In her previous marriage, Hedy and r husband made occasional trips to aris, to one or another of their coun- y homes. In this marriage, too, Hedy d Gene plan to take trips. The Euro- an situation permitting, they may go road this summer. Hedy is anxious to e her mother, who is in England. If they nnot go abroad, Hedy hopes to be able bring her mother here just as soon passport matters can be arranged.

Hedy and Gene believe in this mar- ge of theirs. They believe that people the same business, people in Holly- od, can be happily, safely, substantially d lastingly married "providing" they nost chorus, "they are not overly pos- ssive. Providing they have respect for ch other, respect for each other's shes and opinions and work. Provid- g they have faith in each other, do t feel the need of saying 'where were u last evening, were you *really* work- g, or not?' Providing they feel about ch other—as we do."

* * * *

In a small, one-storied white farmhouse, home in the bosom of the green hills, dy Lamarr—and marriage—are hap- y at home.

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DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

Madeleine Is Not To Be Misunderstood

[Continued from page 29]

Madeleine's wounded pride had recovered from the onslaughts of that murderous child we whipped into a batch of chit-chat that led from one thing to another. When she is making a picture in Hollywood she lives in a small cottage at Malibu Beach because she likes to be near the sea. She likes to see boats sailing to the ends of the earth. To her the sea means freedom and independence.

She thinks that "Love Affair" is the best picture she has seen in years. She has seen it three times. She thinks Irene Dunne is the greatest actress on the Hollywood screen. She has never met Irene Dunne but would like to do so sometimes, if it's casual, not planned. She likes small, out of the way restaurants where there is no glamour, but excellent food. She has just found an unpretentious restaurant on Sunset Boulevard where they feature roast kid that melts in your mouth.

When a person in Hollywood does something that pleases Marlene Dietrich very much Marlene sends flowers. Joan Crawford sends a book. Madeleine Carroll slips you the name of a restaurant whose cuisine is a dream. She thinks there is nothing more irritating than a woman with a bee in her bonnet—though she admits there are plenty of bees in her own Daché.

Somewhere along there, and after the third cup of coffee, I began to suspect strange things about Miss Madeleine Carroll. I began to suspect that the lady had brains! Now that *really* is unfair. Couldn't she just be content with being one of the world's most beautiful women? So beautiful that she makes Brenda Frazier look like not so much, after all? No, that wasn't enough. Miss Carroll has to go and have brains tucked away under that natural golden hair. I must say I was upset at first because nothing throws me into such utter confusion as to find a mind, functioning at full tilt, in a Hollywood movie star. Jeepers creepers, I muttered, it's going to be Left Wing, Spain, Dust Bowl, or Refugees. It was World Affairs.

I never have seen anyone as interested in the affairs of this tired old world of ours as is Miss Madeleine Carroll. Newspaper headlines and radio news broadcasts are far more important to her than idle gossip about *who wore what to the party last night* and *so and so is slipping*. She reads every line she can find about those dreary goings-on in Europe. She knows she is only a drop in the bucket, but she would like so much to feel that she had a little to do with the bringing about of friendship among the nations. Having lived in England, France and Italy before coming to America and Hollywood she feels that she has a great understanding of nations, and their problems, and she would like to be sort of an ambassadress of goodwill between the different countries. "I know it sounds terribly conceited," she said, "but I would like to think that the world is a little bett because I passed through it."

She is terribly interested in diploma and feels that her future lies, not in t cinema, but in the diplomatic service. S had a fling at diplomacy last year wh Walter Wanger allowed her to tal "Blockade" to the various censorsh boards in Europe. After considerab jousting with the Army the film w passed in France. (I just bet those Fren Generals couldn't resist those blue ey and golden hair). Italy was awfully touc about it. She almost landed in jail. S is doing a bit of European diplomat work for "Beau Geste" at present. S hopes, eventually, it will work into a f time job. For a dame who is a knock-o in movies, she certainly doesn't care mu about the movies. She is the most camer shy of the stars.

Nothing makes her as mad as defea ism. All you have to say to her is "Wha the use of getting all worked up abo it? In twenty years we'll all be dead an way" and she will go into as pretty rage as you have ever seen. Recently saw her tear into a radio guy who h the misfortune to say to her, "The avera age of the radio audience, Miss Carro is fourteen. What's the use of trying give them anything good?" Boy-o-bo when she got through with him! "W that's life for you" never fails to thr her into a pet, because, she insists, isn't life at all. "I feel like murderi people who say to me, 'My dear, y can't have your cake and eat it, to I say you can have it and eat it, too unless you're dieting."

She likes down-to-earth people. S hates affectation. Her own life, whi hasn't always been glamorous, she thin has made her tolerant and understandi of all human faults—but the one thi she won't forgive in a person is affec tion. Just pull a phoney bit of preten on Miss Carroll sometime and she w drop you like a hot cake. She is cra about radio. Never misses an opportuni to broadcast—much to her studio's a noyance. She thinks that if you wr yourself up in Cellophane you miss the fun in life. Interesting adventures a always happening to her because she l them happen to her. She lives on enth siasms. She adores shocking people wh she discovers they are shockable. Wh her husband, Captain Astley, is in Holl wood she goes social, but when she alone she avoids Hollywood parties. Ga Cooper is her favorite leading man, a when working with him in "The Gene Died at Dawn" she probably describ him better than any of his leading lad have, before or since. Said Madelei "He sits up there humped up in a ch while everybody else is going around ir state, trying to learn the lines and g in the mood for a scene. Gary nev studies anything and he certainly isn't a state. Then he comes on and acts ever body else out of the studio."

When she first came to America she was in holy terror of gangsters and was sure that every man who looked at her was planning to kidnap her. (She *must* have been in *constant* fear.) When the ship's news' reporters scrambled on the ship anchored in New York Harbor she thought they were Al Capone's boys and she locked herself and her jewels in her stateroom. The second time she arrived on these shores, however, she opened wide the doors and invited the boys in for a bracer. She has been their special pet ever since. In fact the New York Press does nip-ups at the mention of her name. When I asked her the secret of her success with the Press, who are rather famous for being sourpuss towards Hollywood celebrities, she said that she always tried to greet them with a joke they couldn't print. "I'm breaking myself of the habit," she said. "I got caught. There were repercussions."

It seems that for two years in succession Madeleine was voted by the college boys of America as the girl they would most like to be shipwrecked with on a desert island. (Hedy Lamarr nosed her out of first place this year.) Anyway, when she won that (shall we say honor?) two years in succession her director was moved into telling a joke, apropos of desert islands. Three women were asked, as the joke ran, whom they would like to have shipwrecked with them on a desert island. One said, "Clark Gable." The second said, "Rudy Vallee." The third, a quiet little mousey creature, said, "An obstetrician."

Madeleine completely forgot all about the story until she arrived in New York on her way to Europe when the newspaper lads reminded her that she was the Queen of the Islands again and who would *she* like to take along if *she* was shipwrecked. "An obstetrician," said Madeleine, remembering the joke. Everybody laughed, and it was awfully palsy, and Madeleine said to herself that they could never print *that*. But that's where she got fooled. The most conservative newspaper in New York printed it. With quotes and pictures. And was Miss Carroll's face red! She's definitely giving up dirty stories.

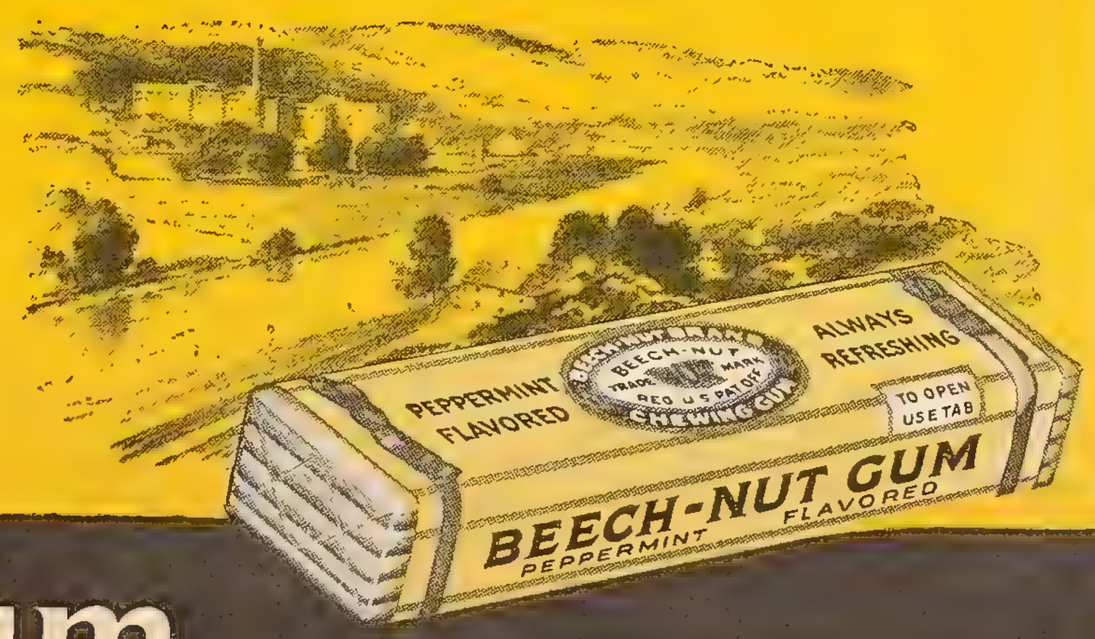


Jackie Moran used to be a bat boy with the Chicago Cubs. He's pictured here with Manager Gabby Hartnett of the Windy City team. Jackie is hoping that the team wins the National League pennant and that picture work won't prevent his seeing the World's Series if his hope is realized. Monogram is co-starring Jackie with Marcia Mae Jones in a series of four features, the first being "Tomboy."



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NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

How It Got That Way!

[Continued from page 33]

"Never did believe in this stuff but b'George, it certainly hits old man Montgomery right on the button."

His long, impatient "t" crosses, with their characteristic hooks on both ends, signify a quick temper which lies close to irritability.

"Yep, that's right. Nearly got burned up once because of that temper . . ." Bob, you see, hates to be disturbed when reading. He had told his man Friday *not* to bother him. Friday knocked again and yet again. "Will you go away!" shouted Bob furiously.

"B-but, Mr. Montgom'ry," stuttered Friday, "the house is on fire!"

Those "t" crosses also indicate an ardent spirit of enterprise that offsets the virtual lack of slant to his line—which reveals lack of sentiment and a very level head.

"My enterprise usually gets the better of my head. Like it did the time, at nine years of age, when I decided to be a storekeeper. I sold my grandmother's afghan and a prized tea pot before it occurred to me that she might object. She did object—strenuously. I didn't sit down for two days and I believe it was then that I began crossing my 't's' so."

Despite a trusting, even credulous nature, that will to win should carry him through every time for, unlike Joan Crawford, there is no self-doubt here. *His sharp, angular hand points to an austerity of manner that is seldom influenced by outside forces.*

"There was one ancestor on my mother's side—she was Mary Wead Bernard—who went through that winter at Valley Forge with Washington," observed Bob thoughtfully. "Perhaps that's where the austerity in the family comes in."

His angular hand denotes, too, that Bob is a born lover of detail and order. His ties must always be arranged so, his script must be in the same place on his dresser. It's a standing joke among his friends, and when he was making "Yellow Jack," for instance, they moved trees and half the stuff from the pest house into his dressing room. Bob could not even locate his clothes—he had to go home in his costume!

Almost everything in his signature combines to indicate a tremendous will-power and self-control.

"That came," he grinned, "after I'd been deckhand on an oil-tanker, paddy-on-the-railroad, and night watchman in an alarm clock factory. It took a lot of control not to smash those clocks when they started going off at once!"

Perhaps those experiences, which followed his father's death and the crash of the family fortune, account for something else to be found in his writing. *A quick wit—that delights in the daily crossing of minds—and the ability to hang on no matter how tough the job. His general downhill writing shows that he suffers from the blues. Friendly as he is by nature, he is apt at such times to retreat into his shell.* Which answers a question Hollywood has long been asking about Robert Montgomery.

With Ginger Rogers, on the other hand the mind and heart are seen to be in almost perfect balance. Her good judgment comes equally from logic as from intuition.

Ginger, in twenty yards of twirling net was dancing with Fred Astaire for a scene in "The Castles." Once when she was doing a solo dance skit in a Chicago vaudeville house, Paul Ash, noted producer, offered her a role on Broadway. Dream of dreams for a seventeen-year-old redheaded kid. But Ginger refused the offer! "I'm not ready yet for Broadway," she told Ash. "In a year maybe . . ." Good judgment plus. In a year she went to New York and became the star of "Topspeed." And so to Hollywood.

While her heavily shaded writing indicates boundless energy, it's an energy that sometimes tends to the eccentric. . . .

Ginger, coming off the set for a rest period, chuckled appreciatively at this. "My writing has been like that since the days in Fort Worth, Texas, when I decided to be a rodeo cowgirl. I was terrible then. I practiced lassoing furniture in the house until I broke mother's pet vase. I lost enthusiasm after that. . . ."

Ginger's line, which moves first up and then down, reveals enthusiasms that are apt to dwindle, requiring frequent encouragement from outside.

Her "e" and "r," so much higher than the other letters, reveal pride in her work and her "i" dots, so like dashes, point to indomitable vitality. For instance, last summer while Ginger was supposed to be resting at Big Bear Lake she discovered an old abandoned mine shaft . . . used to walk eight miles every day to explore it . . . took sample ore out herself and now has engineers operating the mine.

Ginger is one girl who can keep her own counsel! No doubt about it. *The long lines of her "g's" and capitals show the fixed desire to succeed, considerably lightened by a ready sense of humor and gay spirits. The florid sweep of her hand, betraying an easy susceptibility to flattery, is fortunately offset by the tightly knotted "o's" and "a's" of native caution.*

"That," said Ginger, "is perhaps the result of an incident that occurred when I was going to school. *He* was twelve, a year older than I. He told me I had nice curls, he bought me candy. Then he asked to borrow my bicycle—and promptly broke it. I learned the value of being *cautious* right then!"

It is strange about Paul Muni's signature. How it reveals—particularly in the printed capital "M"—the artist as well as a man with more than average manual dexterity. "When I was eleven," he shrugged, "I started learning two professions. I began working in the theatre and on the side I studied wood carving. At the same time I took up boxing and the violin . . ." He's the original "Golden Boy." Today Muni could step right up on the stage as a concert violinist—and he could also step in the ring as a prize fighter worth his salt.

Notice the club-shaped dot over the "i"—an indication of a sturdy, aggressive

ıature. At the same time, his large, flow-ng hand shows the restless artist.

The angular tops and rounded bottoms of his "n's" denote just one thing, a eady wit coupled to a deceptively mild nanner. I remember the first time I ever aw Muni. It was at a railroad station. Ie had just finished an especially tough icture and was seeing a friend off to the ast. With his wife he was walking quietly etween rows of trains and freight cars. uddenly, without warning, he began run-ing . . . away from his wife and friend . . jumped into an open freight car nd shouted, "Yippee! I've always wanted) ride one of these things!" And the entleman who had just played *Louis asteur* hopped on top the caboose!

Joan Blondell, in old slacks, was busily eling in a fishline when I walked into ıe back garden of her home. "Dick and are going trout fishing tomorrow at the ack of dawn. I'd rather fish than any-ıing in the world except stay home and ay with the kids."

"I know. It's in your writing," I as-ıred her.

"What!" Joan's eyes fairly popped. She ok the analysis of her signature: *En-wed with an affectionate, loyal nature, an Blondell's simple, plain letters are sign of naturalness and genuine mod-ty. She should find her happiness cen-ring more and more in her home and mple little pleasures.*

"All my life I've wanted a home. I've ver had one until now. Funny, but I got d up on 'glamour' pretty early. At elve I remember I had an ermine coat, ips to Europe and a big taste of back-



Ida Lupino looking very smart and lovely in an outfit she crocheted all by herself.

stage life. . . . But no home. You're not apt to when your folks are in vaudeville. . . . Five years later I was back in New York so broke I used to sleep in the subway because you could ride all night for a nickel."

In her wide upper loops can be seen a distinct taste for music, but the total lack of angles or decision in the strokes betrays a certain indolence of temperament. She is all too inclined to take things as they come.

"I could bet on the exact moment my writing got that way," said Joan. "It was when I was clerking in a New York department store. I worked for fifteen minutes—before I was fired. That same afternoon I went to Al Woods agency and got a job in a road show. That taught me to take things as they come!"

But what interests me most in Joan's signature is this: *Her open "a's" and "o's" and the wide lip of her capital "B" point to a frank and decidedly generous nature.* It reminds me of a story her sister told me once. There was a hill that made grand coasting ground in winter, next door to an apartment where they lived as youngsters. One day a little friend's sled got out of control. It headed for the street and an oncoming car. In a flash Joan threw herself under the runners. It saved the life of her friend but her own leg was cut through to the bone.

While Joan's handwriting proves her to be quite different from the flamboyant characters she plays on the screen, Cary Grant's is typical of his film personality.

[*Continued on page 73*]



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Reviews

[Continued from page 34]

THE LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY

IN THE MONEY—*Paramount*

NATURALLY it's about horses. With a title like that it would just have to be about horses. But unlike most horse pictures you've seen this year, this one shows you both sides of racing: the work of raising thoroughbreds on a Kentucky farm, and the business of mulcting the public by the bookies. George Raft plays a smart aleck gambler who opens up a small time book-making establishment, only to come to grief through the connivance of rival bookies. He suddenly finds himself with no assets except a half interest in Roman Son, so off he goes to Kentucky to collect his claim. There he meets pretty Ellen Drew who owns the other half of the horse, and she proceeds to teach Georgie the fine and noble art of horse breeding. Regeneration sets in, of course, along with romance. And I don't have to tell you that Roman Son wins the Kentucky Derby. Excellent in the supporting cast are Hugh Herbert as Georgie's side-kick, ZaSu Pitts as a neighborly Southern lady (and what a drawl Miss Pitts has), and Louise Beavers, as a plantation retainer.

MAN OF CONQUEST

EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT—*Republic*

THE little Republic Studios, which are rather looked down upon by the Big Five, have made one of the most imposing epic pictures of the year. Following the life of Sam Houston through an active career of forty years the film goes in for a fine bit of flag-waving which should endear it to the American public. As every school kid knows it was the rough-mannered frontiersman, Sam Houston, who went down to Texas from Tennessee and was responsible for freeing the oppressed Texans from the iron heel of Mexico's cruel General Santa Anna, and eventually adding that huge piece of continent to Andrew Jackson's United States. Every American knows, or should know, that terrifying cry of "Remember the Alamo," and the bloodshed that followed. It's a swell chapter out of American history that everyone should see. Richard Dix is splendid as Sam Houston who dreams of becoming an empire builder. As Andrew Jackson, Edward Ellis gives another of his perfect characterizations. Joan Fontaine is briefly effective as Sam's first young wife who finds the grossness of frontier life too offensive and leaves him, and Gail Patrick wins high honors as Sam's second wife who understands and sympathizes with his great desire for freedom. C. Henry Gordon plays the treacherous Santa Anna and Ralph Morgan is cast as the peace loving Stephen F. Austin. Excellent in small parts are Janet Beecher, Robert Barat, Victor Jory and Pedro de Cordoba.

CALLING DR. KILDARE

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED —*M-G-M*

YOUNG Dr. Kildare and old Dr. Gillespie, played respectively by Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore, continue their rivalry in this newest addition the Dr. Kildare series. Which series, am told, is well nigh as popular as t Hardy pictures. This time young Dr. K dare returns to the city to work w cantankerous old Dr. Gillespie who fin that the younger man follows his te books much too slavishly to ever beco a good doctor. So Dr. Gillespie, w firmly believes that there are many a ments of the heart and mind that cann be diagnosed by a doctor who is all me tal and no heart, sends Dr. Kildare to slums' dispensary where he can min with human beings and learn somethi about their lives. The experiment wo so successfully that Dr. Kildare forg all about his text books and becomes volved in a murder case. He falls in lo with a gangster's girl and is well on way to the penitentiary when Dr. Gill pie comes to his rescue with the aid a pretty young nurse. The pretty you nurse is played by Laraine Day, and La Turner plays the luscious gangster's mo

BLIND ALLEY

YOU'LL ENJOY IT—*Columbia*

HERE is a highly unusual picture, m nificently directed by Charles Vid which you will find completely abso ing from beginning to end. Chester Mo plays a gangster, a ruthless killer who murder at the drop of a hat, who esca from prison with the aid of his gang a hides out in a professor's home until ti for his getaway. The professor, pla brilliantly by Ralph Bellamy, is a stud of abnormal psychology with particu interest in the criminal mind. And wit first class criminal dumped right on doorstep the professor calmly has hi self a field-day. By the time the po arrive the gangster has been so thoroug psycho-analyzed, with his mind picked pieces, that he lacks the will-power fire his own machine gun. Yes, indeed, unusual picture. But you'll like it. A Dvorak plays the killer's girl friend. cellent in the cast are Melville Coo Rose Stradner, Joan Perry, and J Eldridge.

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

MICKEY ROONEY STILL AT IT—*M-G*

THIS is the sixth of the Hardy ser and decidedly one of the best. Ju Hardy inherits two million dollars, o least he thinks he does, and immedia the Hardy family goes on a splurge t will make your hair curl. Andy want be known as "Andy Hardy, Millio Playboy," so he goes in for night cl and chorines and gets himself invol with a cutie at the Paradise who has own ideas about what to do with two lion dollars. Daughter Marian devel temperament and runs up exorbitant at a swanky dress shop. Aunt Milly ta a belated fling at romance and alm buys herself a conniving real estate ag The Hardys are riding high, wide handsome when the Judge suddenly covers that he is not the legal heir to fortune, and, honest gentleman that he refuses to burn up the evidence aga his claim. Mickey Rooney, as A Hardy, again manages to do a pretty of scene stealing. All your favorites there in their customary spots: L

[*Continued on page* 80]

[*Continued from page 71*]

s connected writing reveals a mind it goes straight to the root of every oblem. He is naturally reserved and al-ys discreet.

'Discreet?" said Cary, lounging be-een scenes on Columbia's Stage 4 where was making "Only Angels Have ngs." "Lady, I've been that way since day I told a theatrical agent I could anything. He sent me to double for chimpanzee in a vod'vil act where I to eat four bananas at every show—l we played five shows a day. . . .

His clear-cut, graceful letters, written h the firm hand of a fighter, point to et, modest tastes. "You'd never get tain dowagers who crossed the Atlantic h me once on the Arabic to believe t," grinned Cary. "At the final-night tume ball I decided to go as the Ab-t-Minded Professor. In full dress, top and all—but no shirt. I got interested reading a play and when I arrived at party I'd left something off all right. pants! Fortunately I had running rts on but they were a bright, blazing ow . . .

The 'quiet tastes' in my signature st have cropped up during those years ved in hall bedrooms and dined on ns, beans, beans. . . ."

No wonder George Burns and Gracie n are such a successful team. *Their ds are so much alike that, at first ce, they might be written by the e person. Plain, unaffected signatures flecting simple, sincere natures.*

It's a little uncanny at times. We're much alike," admitted George, "that cie can tell what I'm going to say re I say it. And I'm not being funny n I tell you that."

here is a modesty here and a pleasing rosity of manner that is most en-ng. Both, however, have a tendency rd blues, but George's attacks are e persistent. "And come from other es," chimed in Gracie. "George wears ses when he's reading a script in o and last week he got bluer than go. He couldn't read the lines and me worried. . . . He had the print rged to twice ordinary size but he had difficulty in seeing. . . . Then rushed to his doctor who found out the optician had given him glasses nging to a George Brown . . .

t kind of had me worried, too. George his eyes so continually. He writes t of our radio stuff himself, you know, he was only thirteen when he started ing in a printer's shop to help sup-his family. And at night he did a alty dance number at Coney Island arn extra money."

You don't dance with your eyes, ie!" scoffed George. They grinned at other. *The firm, even pressure of hands denotes capacity for work, ogressive spirit that will not let them —and a complete understanding of another.*

y their signatures you shall know The handwriting of the stars n't show that small miracles have ened to put them on top. It shows, ach case, *energy controlled and di-d by the mind. Self-control, then, is stuff behind the stardust.*

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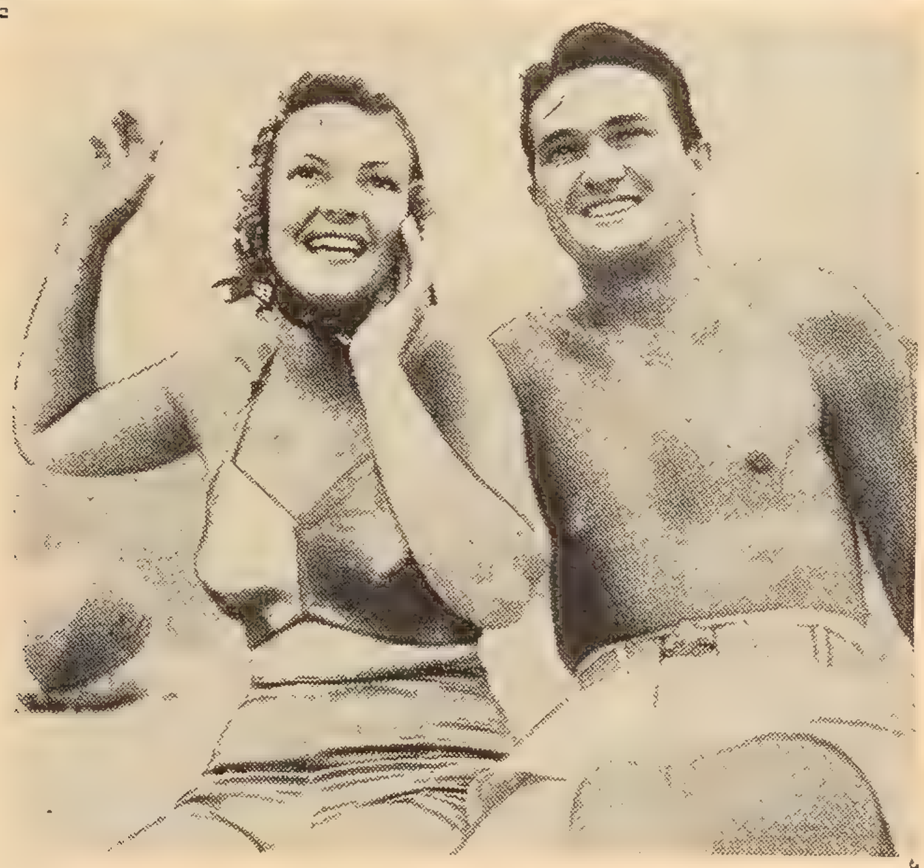
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Rachelle, Flesh, Brunette and 3 Rouge Tones. 10c-25c-50c-$1.

POWD'R-BASE
Fifth Avenue hampden New York

In Keeping with Miriam

[Continued from page 43]

John built it for Greta Garbo. But it was Ina Claire who came here first as a bride. There were crimson velvet drapes in those days, dramatic, dark furniture, floors stained nearly black. Later John brought Virginia Bruce home to this same house. Then chintzes flowered at the windows, rag rugs made walking a peril on the polished floors, canaries sang and window boxes bloomed.

There is nothing of this affectation left now. This is a crisp, modern, tailored house. It's fresh and simple and comfortable. It belongs to someone who loves air and sky and space, someone who has a feeling for color.

"I like my house," Miriam was saying, cheerfully. "I like to show it to people."

I didn't blame her. The long living room has pale, beige rugs, blue walls which tone with the hydrangeas in the Matisse painting above the fireplace, bleached walnut ceiling. A heavy, 16th century Italian chest and several other unelaborate antique pieces lend a rich note of warm brown. The drapes are bleached linen, blocked in brown. Two squashy divans face one another on each side of the fireplace and there are groups of comfortable chairs and low tables scattered about. I asked her whether she boasted one of the bizarre rumpus rooms of which Hollywood hostesses are mostly so proud. She looked reproachful.

"Why this *is* the play room," she protested. "There are only five rooms in this whole house. I can't see any sense of planning a living room and then spending all your time in some crowded place which you call a play room. The bar is down there."

Sure enough, there it was. It is so tiny that you might possibly miss it altogether if she didn't point it out. It is an almost circular alcove, at the end of the living room, with windows and benches and a little leather-covered settee. On the walls are amusing, original James Thurber drawings. Things to make you chuckle.

"A play room, indeed!" Miriam muttered. "Harold Grieve 'did' this house for me and he is so right about things. We didn't say, 'Now, this is a bar so we must do something fancy or tricky with it.' We just said, 'We need a bar and this seems a logical place for it and let's make it fit in with the rest of the room!' That's the way we did the whole house."

"When I have parties, I have them in here." A thought struck her. "D'you know, I hardly ever *plan* a party. They just seem to happen. That's funny, isn't it?" She seemed quite surprised at this discovery. "People come for tennis or swimming or something and of course they mustn't go home without having something to eat. So we have it . . . buffet style . . . and then everyone sits down and talks, or someone plays or sings, and it's all great fun.

"Once in a while when my husband or I have friends here from Europe or the East, we plan a small formal dinner. But not very often. Once, on Anatole's birthday, we had a big, big party. Seventy two people, I think. Or maybe it wa eighty. We had Russian food and vodk and it was all quite gay.

"I don't cook, but I know about cook ing. I mean I'm not one of those painfu 'little women' who boasts that she rushe to the kitchen and just whips up a cak for the fun of it. I do no such thing. haven't time. But I'll bet I could!" Sh was a little bit defiant on this score. ' love to know about foreign foods; it one of the most interesting things yo learn when you travel. Once when I ha dinner with some friends in Venice, the let me go down to the kitchen and as the cook to show me how she made a pa ticular dish. Sometimes people do that i my house. But I think it upsets my coo a trifle. Cooks are apt to be emotiona you know. I think maybe stirring thing on hot stoves does something to the nerves!"

Her household staff sounds rathe frightening to me. But they have all bee with her a long while so she must hav a knack for keeping peace among then Fancy! Her cook is a Czech, her personal maid is French, her butler is a Finn an her gardener is a Hollander. The butle is a very excellent butler and he is als an airplane pilot. It might be convenien I don't know. She says that he sometime gets into a plane and flies about abov the house to amuse her seven-year-ol adopted son, Michael. That is really bu tling with a flourish.

Miriam likes expensive, expertly ta lored, severe clothes. "Definite colors! she cautioned me. "Don't you dare sa I wear pastel shades. I loath pale pin and pale yellow and as for Nile green- the sight of it does something awful t me. I like black or white or rust or eve crimson. I wouldn't even have a gra feather in my hat. I'm too colorless, my self, you see."

She likes jewelry and furs. "But I never buy any for myself. I have som



The girl in the racing sulky is Shirley Ross. It's her hobby.



Movita and John Carroll have become one of the screen's favorite romantic teams. They'll next be seen together in "Wolf Call." Movita is now Mrs. Jack Doyle.

ovely things—bracelets and clips and a in or two—that my husband has given ne on birthdays and at Christmas. And ome furs. But I can't imagine feeling hat I just *must* own an emerald or some-hing. If I have any money to spend on hings like that, I buy a picture."

She is very proud of her pictures and wns a number of really lovely and valu-ble ones. "You don't just go out and *uy* a picture," she explained. "You dis-over one that you want very much and nen you realize that you haven't the noney to buy it. I buy it anyway, if it is ne that is really important to me. I ruggle to pay for it. I buy it on the nstallment plan if I must. But I buy it. 's *so* important!"

I demanded to see the rest of the house. m one who prowls and peers unless for-bly restrained. She was nice about it. he let me prowl.

Her bedroom made me pale with envy. 's so like Peter Pan's house in the tree ps. Literally. One whole side of it is indows and French doors and these fold ck until you can't see that there are y frames at all. You are out-of-doors d there is a narrow balcony nestling in e top of a huge pepper tree, with the ms of lavender hills showing above it. here is a blue rug with heavy, creamy inge, fresh linen drapes which look as someone had been drawing careless pat-rns on them with brown crayon.

Adjoining is a large room which is a mbination dressing room and bath. This s lace-like, green-and-white wall paper d thick white rugs and austere white odwork. The bath is one of those huge nken affairs. You walk down several ps to get into it. (I have no idea how u get out.) But you could drown several ople at once if you just threw them in d they couldn't swim. Miriam, of urse, can swim. She likes to.

There is a built-in dressing table with me mirrors and a modest pair of lights. t, peer as I would, I could see no signs of those hundreds of bottles and jars and packages and crystal containers which adorn most Hollywood dressing tables. There were one bottle of excellent French perfume, some brushes, some simple lotions, some cleansing tissues. Not a ruffle or a bit of frippery in sight. It all looked as tailored as Miriam herself.

Miriam was prattling away. "I'm taking piano lessons! Not strenuous ones, you know. This man teaches me how to play without my having to learn to read the music. I just memorize all the chords and then learn how to combine them. I can play fourteen pieces, already! Before I started this picture, I practiced three hours a day. I don't think people will be paying me large sums for concerts but I do have fun with it!"

In back of the house is the swimming pool with dressing rooms which nestle under a high wall, like caves. An awninged terrace skirts this and it looks as if people could have a lot of fun lounging there. Across the road, for goodness' sake, is Miriam's and Anatole's own private "trailer parking lot," with a wall around it and pansy beds adorning it. They own a pretty fancy trailer and when they aren't traveling about with it, they park it among the pansies.

"It makes a nice extra room if we have an unexpected house guest," Miriam explained, comfortably.

Her house is filled with cut flowers and her garden is a blaze of color. "I hate to admit it," she told me, "but I don't know the names of any flowers at all, although I love to have them around me.

Her home is neat, airy, healthy, warm and gay. There is a fireplace in every room, for coziness. Every room has a dozen windows which look out on colorful spaces. There isn't a piece of furniture which isn't meant to be used and enjoyed.

I think that Miriam lives peacefully, fully and humorously. She may be intense about a lot of things. But the giggles are just under the surface.

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Marriages Are Made in Heaven

[Continued from page 31]

together in "No Man of Her Own," and the groundwork was laid for the terrific crush that developed when the pair met at a Hollywood Mayfair dance later. Joan Crawford met Franchot Tone while they were making "Today We Live" and there was no doubt that it was love at first sight. Virginia Bruce met Director J. Walter Rubin while he was directing her in "Bad Man of Brimstone" and, shortly afterward, they were holding a wedding party at Jack Warner's mansion. Publicity men at MGM cooked up all sorts of publicity matches for Florence Rice, but when she met Robert Wilcox while making "The Kid From Texas," she didn't need any prompting from the publicity department. They got married immediately.

Robert Taylor was given a romantic build-up when he first started sprouting at MGM and lovely Irene Hervey was selected as the girl who would photograph best with him. There were bulletins that they'd surely elope. Then Irene met Alan Jones and got married pronto. And Taylor met Barbara Stanwyck while they were making "His Brother's Wife" and, from that point on, he had eyes only for her.

For years the studios where she worked tried to drum up idyllic matches for Janet Gaynor. You probably remember when you were told that she and Charlie Farrell not only were insane about each other on the screen, but felt that way off-screen. It was all ballyhooey and tub-thumping. Charlie Farrell married Virginia Valli; Janet married Dr. Lydell Peck. Just recently, Janet met Adrian, Metro designer, while she was making "Three Loves Has Nancy," and they've been going together steadily ever since.

Warner's engaged Gloria Dickson in a whole set of publicity romances but she married Perc Westmore. Ditto with Gail Patrick, but she married Bob Cobb, Brown Derby boss. The publicity men hatched up romances for Sally Blane, but she married Norman Foster. Pat Paterson ignored the publicity department and became Mrs. Charles Boyer. They cooked up twenty romances for Errol Flynn, but he stepped out and married Lili Damita. Fox boomed the love drums for George O'Brien, but he wed Marguerite Churchill, who was making a Charlie Chan picture on the lot.

By all odds, however, Hedy Lamarr delivered the most fearsome body blow to the Publicity Cupids at MGM. From every angle, Hedy offered the boys a field day, because she was a natural for romance. Howard Strickling rubbed his hands gleefully as he contemplated the job he could do with the darkly gorgeous Hedy, and he howled with glee as he pictured the thousands of columns of copy that could be unloaded through the country with her as the accomplice. He looked over the list of MGM males who were single, and thus could be employed as her escorts, and reached for the telephone. But the phone rang before he could lift the receiver. "Yes," he said sweetly, his mind full of mellow thoughts. "It can't be," he screamed. "She wouldn't play a dirty trick like that on me. My God, it isn't ethical. It isn't cricket." He hung up the phone with a low moan that brought Andy Hervey and Otto Winkler rushing into the boss's office. "Boys," gasped Strickling, his face convulsed with pain, "Hedy Lamarr just married Gene Markey."

Perhaps it was this demonstration that Love could triumph over the false romantic values of publicity that persuaded Mr. Hervey, of MGM, and Mr. Winkler of MGM to get married a few months ago. Both of them, be it noted, got married secretly and kept their weddings secret for weeks, because they knew that any mention of marriage might throw the discouraged Howard Strickling into a relapse.

No, I'm afraid that the love matches brewed by the publicity specialists of Hollywood rarely work out

Despite plans of the publicity department, Joan Blondell married Cameraman George Barnes and later married Dick Powell. Bing Crosby married Dorothy Lee out of a picture. Ronald Colman wed Benita Hume. Humphrey Bogart married actress Mayo Methot. Jeanette MacDonald became Mrs. Gene Raymond. Marion Nixon wed Director Bill Seiter. Clara Bow wed cowboy star Rex Bell. Ginger Rogers became Mrs. Lew Ayres. Spencer Tracy married a girl from a stage stock company. Ann Shirley wed John Payne. Jackie Coogan married Betty Grable. Alice Faye became Mrs. Tony Martin. Norma Shearer married Producer Irving Thalberg. June Collyer is Mrs. Stuart Erwin. Carole Lombard married William Powell and, later, Clark Gable.

There is no lack of evidence that actors and actresses prefer to marry mates of their own choosing, not the publicity department's.

It just seems that the publicity departments consistently guess wrong when they pair off the contract players. Because marriages ARE made in Heaven, although quite a few of the Hollywood marriages seem to end up in a place that is more southerly.



Basil Rathbone usually telephones invitations to his parties.



Our own Ed Sullivan makes his feature screen debut in Universal's "Big Town Czar." Between scenes, while the picture was being made, the cast would gather around Ed and listen to his fascinating tales of Hollywood and Broadway. Jerry Marlowe and Eve Arden are seen with him here and also in the film.

Hollywood on Holiday

[Continued from page 27]

and has a trigger fast sense of humor. Treacher is one of the best scene stealers in the movies.

Merle Oberon off to London and her engagement to Alexander Korda was as gracious and as charming as ever. She's one of the few top stars that will pose as often and wherever the photographer wants her to. The night I took her photo she had on a dress of white embroidery over a peach pink slip, and was wearing her beautiful coat of ermine with sable sleeves. Merle is going to make movies in England and won't be back to America until just in time for Christmas.

Irene Dunne is one of the movie stars who always finds a welcoming hand from New York society, of which she has become very much a part. The last time she was East she won second prize for having on the gayest hat in the room at a night club contest. The "hat" was merely two sprays of white lilacs held in by a black ribbon, but it was both gay and amusing and Irene was delighted to win the fifty dollars which was the prize. Another time when I saw her she was wearing a white chiffon dress with little gold dots on it and eating, of all, undainty things, a welsh rarebit. Two of her best friends in the East are Mrs. James A. Farley, wife of the Postmaster General, and Beth Leary, who is called the "Queen of Biarritz," France, where she spends her summers. Irene's husband, Dr. Griffith, is extremely camera shy and always manages to duck the lens.

Alice Faye has never lost her love for New York or her friends there, all of whom are very proud of her success. It was Rudy Vallee who gave Alice her first big chance, and that she has proven how right he was is now a matter of history. Hollywood has given her an assurance and greater poise but it hasn't taken away any of her natural sweetness. She and her brother Bill were having a grand time together when I saw them. They went on over to the Stork Club to meet their old friend, Spencer Tracy, who was off the next day for Europe and found him busy giving autographs to the hat check and cigarette girls.

I caught Bruce Cabot with a startled look which I liked better than the posed shot I got later, but somehow I doubt very much whether he will agree with me. I don't know what the miniature boot was doing on the table unless it had something to do with Bruce's horsey interests. He's become quite a fixture in the hunting circles down in Virginia where he visits at the Jock Whitney's great estate. However, it seems to be pretty well agreed that Bruce is a better actor than he is a horseman.

A newspaper photographer taking pictures in the poor section of New York's Tenth Avenue took one of a young girl with her roller skates. She was so fresh and lovely looking that the Hearst Journal American did an interview about her life and dubbed her "Miss Tenth Avenue." So charming did she turn out to be that she was taken out by the paper's Dorothy Kilgallen to see the sights of the town and, finally, signed by Paramount to play a part in a movie with Jackie Cooper. Now she is in Hollywood and Florence Farley is a movie actress indeed. A Cinderella story come to life.

Although Gloria Swanson has permanently given up the movies, she still excites interest wherever she goes. Her clothes are superb and she is always surrounded by admiring swains. Perhaps, that is why she can smile at another birthday.

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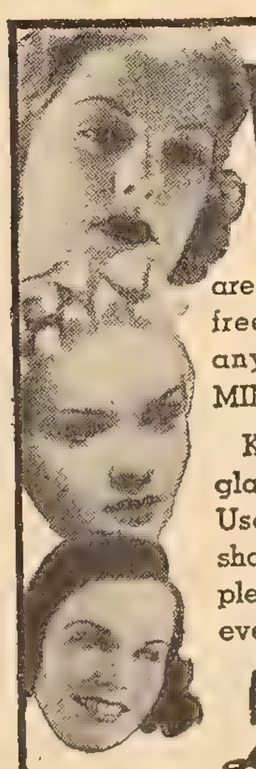
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Just What Is There About Loretta?

[Continued from page 45]

most self in Loretta, and she makes every greying mother in the land recall her own dream-like past. . . . It's a poignant appeal. Loretta is not one of those perfectly classic or mysteriously exotic beauties with whom very few women can ever identify themselves. You know those statue-like, cool, or orchidaceous ladies who fairly drip glamour. No, hers is a different type of beauty. It is warmer, closer to us. It even could have been plain if it did not radiate an inner ecstasy, if her features were not lit up with the glowing warmth of her humanity.

If you go through her voluminous fan mail you will see that men in all walks of life pour out their souls to her. It's really amazing how many men of established positions and mature intellect are among her fervid fans. And here in Hollywood she is always the most popular belle at every party. I saw her, for instance, at Mrs. Rathbone's garden fete for the Hollywood Guild. It was the greatest party this town ever has had. With two or three exceptions all the glamour girls were there, and, among them all, Loretta stood out with all the languid grace of an Easter lily. I watched her dance with Mervyn Leroy. She just floated along the dance floor like some ethereal being come to life out of the pages of a picture-book.

When yesterday I went to her home in Bel Air, a colonial house in this fashionable reservation on the edge of Hollywood, my purpose was to do some of my customary soul-digging, and find out the real girl behind the movie star and what makes her tick. And yet, this was only a formal purpose, an excuse, you might say, for visiting her, as I already knew her, instinctively. She wore white slacks, and held out her hand as she does on the screen, her large gray eyes sparkling with that famous smile of hers. After a few inconsequential pleasantries, I began the serious business of taking off that mask which every star and, indeed, everybody wears.

Her life story is pretty well known. She was born in Salt Lake City, "on January 6, 1913," she said without hesitation. She has two sisters, Sally Blane, who is Mrs. Norman Foster, and Polly Ann, married to Carter Herman of Pasadena. A half sister, Georgiana, now under contract to Selznick International, is 14. She has also a brother, Jack, who recently graduated from college. All three sisters were Wampas Baby Stars in 1929, and now in Georgiana we have another actress of the Young clan coming along.

"I was four when we came to Los Angeles," Loretta recalled. "And six months later, I made my screen debut, as a child on the operating table. I had to cry in that scene, and that for a girl of my age wasn't difficult to do." Theodore Roberts told her mother, who, too, was working in pictures, as an extra, 'You have a genius on your hands, I feel sorry for you." Loretta still wonders what he meant. "I might have become a child star," she continued, "but my mother insisted on my getting an education. We were poor, and that's why she had to work as an extra, but she managed to save a little money, and opened a boarding house." It was a better type of boarding house, and eventually Mrs. Belzer opened three boarding houses and had 75 girls boarding with her. The income she derived from them enabled her to send her daughters to school. "Oh, I went to several schools! Including two convents. I didn't like school any too much," she cheerfully admitted. "I re-entered pictures at 13. I wanted to act."

You probably know how Mervyn Leroy called her sister Polly Ann, but she was out and Loretta answered the telephone and asked him, "How about trying me?" He was intrigued and said all right, come on let me take a look at you. And so without her mother's knowledge she went out on the set, and was accepted. She worked three weeks in that picture, called "Naughty But Nice," was given a contract, and has been acting ever since. Her first big break came when Metro borrowed her for "Laugh, Clown Laugh" with Lon Chaney. At 15 and 16 she was playing grown up parts.

To her family and old intimates she is "Gretch." Her real name is Gretchen Young. She was christened Loretta by Colleen Moore and Mervyn Leroy, who thought Gretchen didn't sound euphonious and glamorous enough. "I can't say I was particularly fond of my screen name, but now I've gotten used to it," she said with a little laugh.

At 17 she ran away and married actor Grant Withers, one of those impetuous romances of youth, and it didn't last more than a year. It has been, perhaps, the most dramatic experience in her life. She doesn't regret it. The only thing she regrets is that she didn't have a baby. Loretta believes that it is better to have loved and lost, rather than not to have loved at all. As it was a civil marriage, outside her Church, she can marry again.

"I hope to marry again," she said wistfully. "I don't think a girl can ever be really happy single." She wants and definitely intends to marry—when she meets the right man. She need not hurry. She is still very young, and amply capable of taking care of herself and those dependent on her. She wants to marry for love, and for love only. "And I don't want to give up my career either when I marry," she asserted. "I think the woman who has a career leads a much more interesting life. She is always modern and vital. Wives have always worked anyhow. They worked just as hard if not harder in the days when there were no electric cooking stoves and washing machines."

She knows what she wants to get out of life. Her great ambition is not to be the first actress of the screen, or play Joan of Arc or anything like that, but, and she said it with her enchanting smile, "To live happily. I want to live every day, every hour, every minute of my life. The world is too full of living dead. Especially here in Hollywood we're likely to lose our perspective, our consciousness of the world and the life about us, and

top living. Of course I'm grateful for his house and all the things which the notion picture industry has made it possible for me to have and enjoy. But one loesn't have to live in Bel Air and have swimming pool in order to be happy. On the contrary, unless one has the right ittitude toward them, possessions can ause a lot of unhappiness. Happiness is matter of inner consciousness, of inner eace. One of the most completely happy ersons I know is a crippled woman. She as been an invalid for twenty years, but s one of the most tolerant, joyous and ovable souls I know."

She was silent for a while, smoking a igarette. You notice her long, sensitive ingers. Her brown hair, caught in a beam f sunlight, glowed with coppery glints. There was still that ecstatic expression n her face, but I could discern the sadness in her smile and splendid grey eyes. think it is this sorrow behind the gladness of Loretta Young that makes her so ppealingly beautiful. For after all there an be no real beauty without an element f sadness in it. She is one of those incorrigible romanticists who lives in a dream world of her own, and whose nervous system and spiritual structure are as exquisitely tuned to the influences about er as the strings of a violin under the ow of a master. Such people feel too eenly not to suffer.

I asked her, "What are the things you wouldn't ever want to forget?"

"I wouldn't want to forget a single day f my life, not a single day," she replied, emphasizing her words with her hands. "I would want to remember everything, good or bad, happy or unhappy. And I do. Even if one's heart is full of an aching pain, it is better to have it so rather than have it empty. I don't mean to say I'm unhappy. I'm as happy as anybody can reasonably expect to be in this world. What I do mean is that," she put her hands on her heart, "sorrow also has a place here, occupies perhaps the deepest niche of all."

"Is it true," I said, "that Hollywood people aren't as happy as people elsewhere?"

"That depends on the person. On the whole stars are *inclined* to be unhappy. All artists are. When you have a very ambitious person—and every successful player in this business is very ambitious —you also have an unhappy person. There is more brilliance, talent, beauty, sex, AND ambition per square inch in Hollywood, than I suppose in any other city in the world. I say 'I suppose' because frankly, I don't know much about people living outside of Hollywood. I once took a trip to Europe and at another time went to Honolulu, and that's all the traveling I've done. I remember, people in Europe often asked me, 'Is Hollywood as bad as they say it is?' I told them I didn't know, I couldn't tell if Hollywood is worse than other towns, because what is Hollywood to others, is simply a home town to me. I grew up here. I have an entirely different perspective on Hollywood. I don't know how to explain it," she added with a flourish of her hands.

"I hope to go on acting on the screen as long as they will let me," she continued. "I have no stage ambitions. I intend to free lance for a while. I have turned down some very lucrative offers, but I feel I can do better work when I choose my own parts and shoulder the responsibility of the success of my pictures. When you are under contract to a studio you have to do what the studio tells you, whether you like it or not. I want to play parts that will let me give more of myself, that really mean something to me. And I don't care whether it's a big or small part, as long as it has character to it."

This was my first intimate conversation with Loretta Young, although I have seen her on studio sets, in night clubs and parties. And always her effect on me has been that of a girl who is always in love. She is a born romanticist, and like all romanticists an incorrigible one. They never stop dreaming of the ideal love, and love, which is the realest thing in the world, is also, alas, usually a delusion. If ever a girl was born for love, it is Loretta Young. She is simply overflowing with affection, she is a study in feminine tenderness. Now, of course, we all know that she has been courted by many of the most eligible bachelors in Hollywood. Her list of beaux is a long one. She has gone with Mervyn Leroy, her discoverer and first sponsor, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Eddie Sutherland, David Niven, Cesar Romero, George Brent, Spencer Tracy, Bernard Newman, Randy Scott—well, I can't remember all of them.

But it seems to me this is only a rather superficial aspect of her love life. Its springs are deeper than beaux and dates. She is not at all your typical movie star having her fling. It is enough to look at her to realize her inner idealism, the naivete and sweetness of her character. A devout member of her Church, her charities are well known locally, although she won't let anybody speak of them, and becomes very embarrassed when you mention the subject to her.

"I can't be happy," she said, "unless I'm in love. Yes, I'm always in love," she admitted. "I'm in love with life, with the whole world, with everybody. Love for me is a spiritual stimulant. It makes me feel stronger, better, richer. I don't think I could act if I weren't in love. I don't mean to say that I've to be in love with any man, any particular person."

And it is because of this compelling love of hers, which I think is the most beautiful thing in Hollywood, that she adopted two children. She had to return one of them to its relatives, but is raising the other, little Judy, aged three and a half, over whom she lavishes all the maternal care of which she is capable, and that is tremendous. Fortunate Judy serves as an outlet to Loretta's affections. She needs desperately a child like Judy to love, and I earnestly hope some day a lucky fellow will share that love as her foster father.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE—

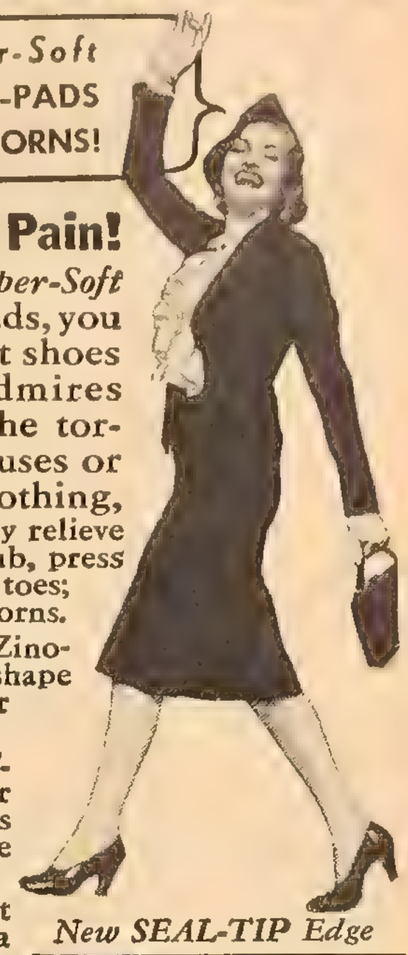
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Reviews

[Continued from page 72]

Stone as Judge Hardy and Fay Holden as his wife; Cecilia Parker as Marian and Sara Haden as Aunt Milly. Ann Rutherford is Andy's real girl and Virginia Grey is his ambitious chorine.

SORORITY HOUSE

GRAND PERFORMING BY ANNE SHIRLEY —*RKO*

AN unpretentious, but thoroughly engaging, picture about the joys and sorrows of college girls who aspire to sororities. Anne Shirley plays the daughter of a small town grocer who is accustomed to neighborliness and friendliness and can't understand the snobbishness of sorority rushing in the state university. In the college boarding house with her are Barbara Reed, a sophomore who missed out on a bid the previous year, and Adele Pearce, a freshman who is hell bent upon receiving a bid because she feels that it is necessary to her success in life. Anne not only ends up with a bid from every sorority but with the heart of the college hero, Jimmy Ellison, in the bargain. Excellent incidental performances are given by Elizabeth Risdon, J. M. Kerrigan, Helen Wood, and Doris Jordon.

JUAREZ

ONE OF THE GREATEST—*Warners*

HERE is a picture of epic pretensions. It is one of the really "great" films to come out of Hollywood. It tells the story of the emancipation in 1860 of Mexico's downtrodden masses from a foreign dictatorship, and in many ways achieves an amazing parallel to current events. Paul Muni gives a brilliant performance as Benito Pablo Juarez, the self-taught Indian, with a passion for humanity, who leads his people against the Emperor Maximilian von Hapsburg, the puppet of Napoleon III who greedily dreams of conquest in the New World. Brian Aherne gives his top performance to date as the unfortunate Maximilian. He makes the monarch (according to history) an impractical and deluded man, but at the same time gentle and kindly. As the Empress Carlotta who goes mad in Paris while seeking vainly for help for her husband from Napoleon's Court, Bette Davis again proves that she is a potential three time Academy Award winner. Outstanding in the big cast are John Garfield as the Mexican General Diaz, Donald Crisp as the Marechal Bazain who takes his orders from Napoleon (Claude Rains), Gale Sondergaard as the Empress Eugenie, Joseph Calleia as a traitor to Juarez, and Gilbert Roland as Lopez. The picture, based on history, is vast in scope, and goes from ceremonial pomp and pageantry to battle scenes of unusual realism, but it takes time out for many a heart-touching moment, and these moments you will long remember.

LUCKY NIGHT

DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH—*Metro*

WHIMSY'S here again, heaven help us. And of all places we didn't expect to find it in a Myrna Loy-Robert Taylor picture. Myrna plays a rich girl who wants thrills so she leaves home and goes job hunting in the big city—she doesn't find a job but she finds Robert Taylor on a park bench. She borrows fifty cents from a cop to buy their dinner and that's the beginning of a mad merry night during which they hit a jackpot, win an automobile, are thrown out of a gambling joint, and get married, definitely under the influence of alcohol. When they sober up Myrna makes Bob get a thirty-dollar-a-week job and prepares to settle down in domesticity and security—which doesn't please Mr. Taylor at all. He tries to sell her on the idea that security is bad because it takes all the fun out of living. Why pay bills with your salary when you can get drunk and whoop it up. Divorce is just around the corner when Myrna's Dad steps in and takes a great liking to his whimsical son-in-law. Don't blame Myrna and Bob for this. Blame the writers.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY

CALLING A SPADE A SPADE—*Warners*

THIS is a unique film. For the first time in motion pictures a spade is called a spade. For which Warner Brothers, who are undoubtedly paving the way for newer and broader adventures in dramaturgy, should take a great big bow. The picture is based on material provided by Leon Turrou, formerly of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who uncovered sensational evidence for the espionage trials which took place in the East several months ago. It reveals in detail Nazi activity in America, in Europe, and on the high seas. But its main concern is with Nazi espionage and insidious propaganda here in the United States. Edward G. Robinson plays the role of G-Man Turrou, or Renard as he is called in the picture, and it is he who runs down the spies. Francis Lederer gives the performance of his career as a discontented army deserter who for the paltry sum of fifty dollars a month betrays his country. George Sanders and Paul Lukas are magnificent as Hitler agents. Paul plays Dr. Kassel who under the guise of being patriotic and working for Americanism is constantly organizing Bund societies. Dorothy Tree stands out as the hairdresser who serves as a spy on a German passenger ship. Lya Lys plays Dr. Kassel's girl friend and Celia Sibelius his wife. Hitler plays Hitler and is seen, via the newsreel, on his triumphal march into Austria. This is what is called "meaty" drama. Do you like it?

UNION PACIFIC

A MASTERPIECE—*Paramount*

IN his newest picture Cecil B. De Mille, Hollywood's most famous director, blends thrills and history into one of the most interesting and exciting big time Westerns that you'll ever have the good luck to see. There's picturesque scenery, good old bawdy rough-house, and a beautiful and tender love story—what more do you want? The time is immediately following the Civil War, and the story concerns the colossal efforts of the Union Pacific to lay their tracks across the continent to Ogden, Utah, in spite of financial duplicity, hardships and all kinds

[*Continued on page 82*]

"Captain Fury"

[Continued from page 55]

iding. Therefore, he argues, if he can ultivate the affections of the horse, per-aps by teamwork they can accomplish hat the script demands. Stanton's role s largely flavored with comedy, which is fortunate thing, for often when the ettlers are rescued in the nick of time rom the depredations of the land barons' angs, Stanton comes in last, his short gs dangling from the side of the horse, is arms thrown around the horse's neck r his hands gripping the mane.

June Lang, who plays the leading eminine role in the picture, has two eek-old lambs as her special charges. Miss Lang appears as Jeanette Dupre, he daughter of a Frenchman, and, in oing the laundry work, Mr. Roach nought the cause of authenticity would e better served if she were to follow rench customs rather than Australian. o, she is provided with a paddle, and, fter immersing the clothes in the creek, ne soaps them thoroughly, then places nem on a flat rock, where she beats the irt out of them with the paddle. Again ney are plunged into water, then wrung nd spread out on bushes to dry.

Margaret Roach, pretty seventeen-ear old daughter of the noted producer-irector, is playing her first featured role "Captain Fury."

"She's determined to have a career," er father commented. "She has sung in citals and has acted small parts at other udios, so I thought if she is that de-rmined she ought to have a chance on ne home-lot."

Margaret appeared to be having the me of her life, chatting with the other layers and sauntering about feeding the orses, the pigs and the chickens. Opinions f the people on the set indicate that Margaret was right in her perseverance—at in addition to her beauty and charm e has undisputed dramatic ability.

Another Roach in the company is Hal, ., who is one of his father's assistant rectors. Although he has not yet quite ached his majority, Hal has had con-derable experience in all departments the studio and has several times fficiated in the post of assistant director.

"We had plenty of excitement here last ght," he volunteered. "We were filming scene in which one of the settler's cabins is burned. The fire was going at a brisk rate, when suddenly there was a big blaze in another direction and complete darkness, with the exception of the blazing cabin. Our portable generator caught fire. The cabin was left to its own fate. Everybody rushed to save the generator. Men tried to get fire extinguishers out of their cars, but in the darkness could not find the cars. They fell into the creek, bumped into trees, crashed into fences. Some who did get their extinguishers on the flames squirted the foam over other rescuers in their excitement. Then we had to turn the headlights of all the cars on and pack up and get back to the studio. Yes, the cabin will have to be rebuilt—and reburned."

As the tourist books boast about Southern California, this location set "abounds in contrasts."

In the first place, there is the contrast of locale and time. Aherne and McLaglen arrive in streamlined motor cars, looking like Bond Street advertisements, only to emerge a short time later as frontiersmen for whom horses were the only means of conveyance.

Standing on a rise of ground in front of one of the settlers' cabins, one sees about half a mile away the ultra-modern homes that make up the smart Malibu beach colony so popular with film folk.

On the set, John Caradine moves about, dressed in the garb of an Australian of 1840, carrying with him a portable radio which is bringing in the latest news flashes of 1939. Claude Allister sits nearby, dressed in presentable rags, but smoking his favorite brand of cigarette which he imports from England. Behind him are Victor McLaglen, Frank Hagney, who holds the distinction of being the only real Australian actor in the picture, and Frank Baker, another Australian, who is technical advisor. All are talking in the cultured accents that stamp the true Briton.

Suddenly Hal Roach takes up the scene he was directing before lunch, the illusion of the present vanishes and 1840 rolls back into the scene as Aherne and McLaglen mount their horses and gallop away to the rescue of another settler who is undergoing the persecution of the land baron's henchmen.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

D	E	A	N	N	A	■	A	R	T	■	S	Y	L	V	I	A
E	■	P	I	■	R	A	D	I	A	N	T	■	E	A	■	M
V	I	R	G	I	N	I	A	■	L	A	U	R	E	N	C	E
I	N	■	E	G	O	■	M	A	E	■	A	D	D	■	O	C
N	E	I	L	■	L	C	■	S	■	J	R	■	S	A	S	H
E	R	N	■	O	D	O	R	■	H	A	T	S	■	A	T	E
■	T	A	R	N	■	O	O	■	I	C	■	A	C	■	E	■
S	I	■	O	U	S	P	E	N	S	K	A	Y	A	■	L	B
H	O	L	D	S	■	E	■	A	■	I	■	S	T	Y	L	E
I	N	T	■	■	B	R	E	N	D	E	L	■	■	D	O	L
R	■	■	S	U	E	■	I	C	E	■	B	A	A	■	■	L
L	A	T	E	R	■	F	L	Y	N	N	■	M	Y	R	N	A
E	L	A	I	N	E	■	E	■	N	■	S	T	R	E	A	M
Y	A	R	N	■	P	A	R	R	I	S	H	■	E	N	V	Y
■	N	E	E	■	I	T	S	■	S	E	E	■	S	T	Y	■

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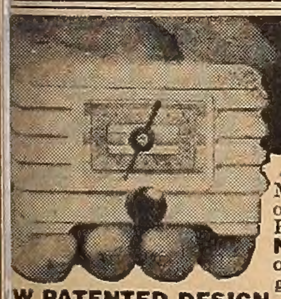
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West Coast Whispers

YOUNG Gary Crosby, 'tis said, croons exactly like his old man. So when a baby crooner was needed as a gag in Bing's latest picture, "The Star Maker," the casting director immediately pounced upon Bing and begged him to let his young offspring appear in the picture. "Nope," said Bing, "too many other kids need the money."

When Bing and Joan Blondell were making "East Side of Heaven" over at Universal the casting director on that picture also went after Bing to let his youngest play the Baby Sandy role. When Bing refused, the ambitious director with his eye on a publicity break tried to talk Joan into letting little Ellen play the part. "Good heavens no," said Mrs. Powell, "if Ellen and Normie ever go into pictures Dick and I will have to retire. Heaven forbid. They can act circles around us already."

Neither the Powells nor the Crosbys ever intend pushing their offspring but, as Joan and Bing say, "If they want to be actors when they grow up, we won't stand in their way."

* * *

When young Gary Crosby was visiting his father at the studio the other day he ran right smack into Gary Cooper, whom he is named after. "Hello, there," said Gary, "I know you. You are Gary Crosby, aren't you?"

"My Daddy," said young Gary with great dignity, "calls me Bucket-pants."

* * *

There's a guy who sells newspapers at the corner of Vine and Sunset in Hollywood who is going to grow up to be a press agent. The day the Dorothy Lamour divorce was announced and all the newsboys were yelling, "Dorothy Lamour sued for divorce by Herbie Kaye," this youth was startling the natives into buying papers with "Dotty's in the Doghouse! Read all about it! Dotty's in the Doghouse!"

* * *

There are two girls in Hollywood who never go home alone. Every day Robert Taylor drops by the Columbia Studios around six o'clock and sits in Barbara Stanwyck's dressing room until she is ready to go home. And Charlie Chaplin has one of the sacred Lemon Grove passes which admits him and his car on the Paramount lot—where he can be found late every afternoon waiting for Paulette Goddard to finish her day's work.

* * *

All the gals who will play in "The Women" are as busy as bees these days trying to get new—and sensational—hairdos. Norma Shearer thinks she will stick to the "Baby Bob." Joan Crawford spent a week in New York studying up on new coiffures. But so far it is Rosalind Russell who has burst forth with the most daring new hairdo. It is called the "Poodle Bob" and is a combination of straight hair and curls. A little something Hair Designer Sidney Guilaroff dreamed up.

* * *

The Hollywood Press got quite a delightful chuckle out of the cast-and-credit sheet handed them at the preview of "Calling Dr. Kildare," the other evening. Concerning the gowning of the breath-takingly voluptuous Lana Turner it said, "The wardrobe department studied her *psychology* to work out the right combination."

* * *

When Robert Taylor appeared at the Metro studio to start work on "The Lady of the Tropics" after a few weeks' vacation which he spent on his ranch, the Metro officials took one look at his suntan and called a board meeting. It seems that Bob's suntan is too deep and that the make-up men will have to bleach his features so that he'll contrast with the natives in the picture!

And when Louise Campbell appeared on "The Star Maker" set the other day with a nose that was red and swollen from one of those spring colds the make-up man was summoned immediately. Louise finished the picture in a "prop" nose. Nature hasn't a chance in Hollywood.



May Robson, "the grand old lady of the screen," celebrates her 75th birthday by blowing out 75 candles on a huge cake, with seven-year-old Janet Chapman helping to blow them out at a gala studio party.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE winner of the *Star Information Contest,* which appeared in our April issue, is Helen M. McClendon of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the prize, a lady's Wittnauer wrist watch, has been forwarded to her.

Of the many contributions received in this contest not one contained the ten correct answers. A number of contestants had nine answers correct, but the prize was awarded to Miss McClendon because her letter explaining why she liked pictures made from books, which she sent with her list of nine correct answers, was the best in the opinion of the judges.

Below is the correct list of stars in answer to the ten questions in the *Star Information Contest.*

1. James Stewart
2. George Brent
3. Loretta Young
4. W. C. Fields
5. Ann Sheridan
6. Humphrey Bogart
7. Nelson Eddy
8. Bonita Granville
9. Gene Raymond
10. Leslie Howard

Reviews

[Continued from page 80]

of villainy. The "heavy" is the Banker Henry Kolker who has all his money invested in the rival Central Pacific, and it is he who secretly engages a notorious gambler, Brian Donlevy, to destroy the morale of the Union Pacific's workmen by bribery, free liquor, and dance hall entertainment. As the guardian of law for the Union Pacific, Joel McCrea is perfection itself and does his best work.

STOLEN LIFE

A WORTHWHILE IMPORTATION—
Paramount Release

MADE in the Pinewood Studios in England this picture blends most happily the artistically beautiful with the good old mundane box office. Elizabeth Bergner, the greatest of the foreign cinema stars, plays a dual role, that of twin sisters, and has for herself a veritable field day. As Sylvina she is coy, flirtatious and selfish; as Martina she is charming, honest and sincere. The story concerns a mountain-climbing explorer, excellently played by Michael Redgrave (remember him in "The Lady Vanishes?") who meets Martina in the Alps and promptly falls in love with her. Then he meets her twin sister Sylvina who flirts outrageously with him and contrives to lead him to the altar a few days before he leaves for Tibet. Martina is heart-broken, but gallant, and when Sylvina drowns one day when they are out sailing together she decides to masquerade as her sister. This brings on a fine set of complications, including several of her sister's indiscretions. But the real tragedy occurs when the mountain climber returns from Tibet and she discovers that he is wise to Sylvina and her tricks, and is hopelessly in love with Martina, whom he believes dead. It is a hauntingly beautiful picture that is bound to interest you. In the English cast are Wilfrid Lawson ("Pygmalion") and Richard Ainley.

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